

# NATIONAL ANTHEMS

And Other Songs  
of Freedom of the  
Various Countries  
of The World.

With a Foreword  
by B. G. Horniman,  
Editor-in-Chief, The  
Indian National  
Herald, Bombay.

Compiled by **R. K. PRABHU.**

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**Dedicated**

*To All Noble Souls of All Ages  
and Climes Who Lived and Died  
for The Freedom of Their  
Motherland and  
Humanity.*

## FOREWORD.

Mr R K Prabhu has conceived the idea of collecting the chief national songs of the principal countries of the world and has asked me to write a foreword. His selection of anthems seems to be good and comprehensive. But I do not know that I can say the same of his selection of me to write a foreword. I am very poorly qualified as a judge of song and verse. I have reached an age when it doesn't matter much what one admits about oneself and I admit now that I find it very difficult to concentrate my attention on poetry or to remember a line of it immediately after reading it unless it is something tremendously pathetic very exciting or comic and grandy like *Bande Mataram* (1) King Henry's address to his troops (2) and Kipling's *Recessional* (3).

There is another reason why I feel that I am not really the right person to write the foreword for this volume. I have no doubt that some of the national songs of India included in this collection are beautiful in the language in which they were written. But when I am reading the English translation of most of them I feel like a fly that has been caught in treacle or syrup. I like a sip of syrup or even a number of sips but I am not equal to bathing in it.

My own opinion which I give for what it is worth—and in my opinion it's worth a good deal—is that India has not yet got a really national song of the kind that it ought to have. *Bande Mataram* is a beautiful poem both in the original medium

of Bengali and in the English translations. It is a wonderful description of the beauties of the Motherland. It glows with colour. The ecstasy of expression of love for the Mother is almost intoxicating. But though it speaks mightily of seventy million swords it does not leave one at the end on the march with waving sword in hand like the Marseillaise or the Battle Hymn of the Republic. And that is what a truly National Song ought to do.

So many of the Indian national songs in this book are in the form of a dirge or a lament. These have their place in the national psychology. Some of them are very beautiful. Mrs Naidu's "Eternal India" and "Awake," Muhammed Iqbal's "Hindustan Hamara," Virendranath Chattopadhyay's "To Hindustan"—to name only a few. But they do not stir the listener to be up and doing. Mrs Besant's "Wake Up India!" is anti-climax. India is called to the fray with an inspiring lilt, but to the tune of "peace bells loudly pealing." "We can't win freedom and keep it like that. Nor is it to be won by singing about the Charkas—our Karma Dhenu the Cow of Boons." Somebody has yet to write the Song of Victory for India—the song that will call her to victory instead of urging her to morbid indulgence in dirging and lamenting.

And I hope that when the song is written someone will set it to a tune that will fittingly accompany a march to victory and that its singing on public occasions will not be left to half a dozen little girls or two little boys from an orphanage but made the occasion for a mighty chorus from a thousand throats—a mighty roar that will inspire

our hearts and stir our emotions for the doing of doughty deeds.

If the perusal of this collection of national songs of the world inspires the writing of such an anthem for the Indian nation it will do a great service to India. In the meanwhile, that apart, Mr. Prabhu has made a comprehensive compilation that offers an interesting study of national psychology and temperament. I do not know of any similar publication elsewhere and the collection is, I think, unique.

One thing that especially strikes one in reading these songs is, that, just as the best boy in the world is every mother's son, so the most beautiful country in the world, especially dedicated by God to be the home of the chosen people, is every man's native land. And that is as it should be.

*B. G. HORNIMAN.*

## THE SOUL OF NATIONALISM.

Some for a gentle dream will die,  
Some for an Empire's majesty,  
Some for a loftier humankind,  
Some to be free as cloud and wind,

..... A E

And whether all those human lives which burn with the brilliance of that flame of passion, temporarily lifted out of the mass of humanity and remote, unexplored nooks of obscurity to flicker past the stage of the world, are united into the one, supreme end of *Death* or merely outlive the transition of their various, noble vision and moments of inspiration, the alchemy of emotion and spiritual stimulus that turns common ore into the gold of divine splendour has but one, essential identity. It may have a variety of expression like the facets of a diamond or the petals of a flower, the most delicate, intimate cords of human heart invariably respond to its music, its fragrance overpowers all the senses of our soul, no barriers of race or language render its soft speech unintelligible or harsh to the sensitive ear of being. The encircling, surging waves kiss distant shores, controlled by an irresistible, lunar power that radiates from its consciousness.

We talk idly of the ideals of Nationalism and Internationalism and discourse, with the tiring patience and empty verbosity of the prig, on the conflict that these ideals produce, their incompatibility, the very impracticability of their conciliation each with the other. We love to dogmatize and  
and draw this, that and the other distinction

with a mathematical precision of rules and compliment ourselves on our powers of logical discrimination, our erudition and learning and our respect for the current, good coin of *cliches*

Yet life is one eternal flux of experience, we abandon ourselves to moods of being, at certain moments, it may be, when the strain of the formula produces its inevitable reaction. *Cliches* wear out like human bodies, their tyranny becomes intolerable and thought wanders with imagination, not content to walk the tiresome highway that a fool or set of fools had made, at some remote time, out of the wilderness of life. With the instinct of the Spirit of which Mr George Santayana speaks with the philosopher's insight and the poet's magic of intuition when he says that its home is the desert, the spirit of our thought tramps the mysterious bye ways of life. It's a happy tramp, in search of beauty, love the twin principles of life that redeem humanity out of all sins, darkneses and bring out everything that is best, purest, noblest in human nature and bring it nearest to a proud divinity.

Life is not stagnant, ideals, too, have a life of their own. They are just what humanity makes them, what the prophet and seer conceive with their gifted vision, and they decay with their basenesses and fresh ones are born to replace them. Whatever is permanent, noble, in them, however, lives and is born anew and there is not an eternity we know of that does not yield to human memory an antiquity worthy of pride. Dead civilizations and literatures if they possessed any real greatness or nobility at all, do not really perish, if they did,



indeed, we would not have the heritage of culture that we actually have had today

Do we know what is the ideal of Nationalism or of Internationalism either, that could be acceptable to the greatest spirits of our age? Was it approved by Socrates or Plotinus or Plato, who were free citizens of the world but who were not scoffers and whose love for an unknown, unapproachable (through physical senses, at any rate), world humanity was not marred by the equally pure, great love for humanity that lived and moved in the State of their domicile? Need we deprecate patriotism as a narrow, ignoble ideal that makes other nations and a larger humanity institutions of aliens and strangers? Should it not rather embody for us an ideal of Internationalism demanding from us the same consideration for the *now* and *here* of common nationality which we protest vehemently and unnecessarily (one cannot help remarking) we entertain for the *then* and *there* of other nationalities and peoples?

There is no reason in the world why harmony and *not* conflict should exist between these two 'isms since they emanate from one and the same source of love, love that knows no boundaries and revolts against all tyranny of limit. If the image of my country were as noble as Plato's greatest dream (and I should never be content with any thing less) it would sadden my soul to think of any other country on the face of the earth which lived in bondage or unhappiness or poverty and would further tarnish that beautiful image and make me share the shame of that other, unhappy country. Or else, my love for my country would be worthy of a slave, the apparent freedom of my country

would be transformed into the mocking gold chain of slavery

How could, then, that horrid phrase 'my country right or wrong' stand for an expression of Patriotism which is one of the noblest passions that move the human heart to achieve the impossibility of approaching difficult divinity? Slaves, in their unthinkable baseness, coined that phrase of blasphemy. One shudders to utter it, it is an outrage against patriotism, against civilization, humanity, against everything, indeed, one regards as holy and beautiful and pure. My country which is and shall ever remain a free man's country *must* remain right, whatever happens or it is *not* my country at all, I should be ashamed to call it *my* country—that is one's instinctive thought when that phrase of human shame is uttered in all its nudity of human bestiality. Why do we love to read national songs and anthems of peoples who happen to acknowledge no physical kinship with us, with a secret ecstasy and love? There are many such beautiful songs which send a thrill of joy (even slaves have souls which are denied to slave drivers) and we sigh with grief when the song of a glad, proud heart invokes consciousness of our own slavery and shame. Can we analyse the emotional, spiritual process which establishes kinship between the Gaelic exile out of his country and the Indian exile on his own? Why do we hang down our heads in shame and join in Mr Kipling's terrible invocation

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

and mutter to ourselves "Empire's majesty" "Empire's majesty" "what majesty!"? And we beat to the tune of "Marseillaise" and other Communist songs with a new vigour in spontaneous response to the slave's heart beats. Who called these beautiful songs hymns of hate, were they slaves like us? It's the triumphal glad cry of a young *proletariate* and we fall under the spell of its pure emotion. It's a sacred song of Liberty, Hope and Vision of a new world purged of all its impurities and sins of other days. Prometheus unbound would be proud to sing it and shout out its note of joyous greetings over seas and continents. They are international songs, but they are nothing if not national, because they make nations of free citizens feel alive.

CYRUS

# A GARLAND OF THANKS.

My object in publishing this brochure is to place in the hands of my countrymen, and especially in those of the youth of India, a bouquet of the patriotic songs of all nations, so that they may be enabled to get an idea of the nature of the feelings which the love of the Motherland has inspired in the hearts of men and women all the world over.

I am not unconscious of the fact that the present compilation suffers from incompleteness inasmuch as the national songs of countries like Portugal, Spain, Holland, Turkey, Persia and the various South-American republics, as well as the beautiful patriotic songs written in the various languages of India by well known poets like Subramanya Bharati, Tekade, Nanalal Kavi, and so on, do not figure in this collection. I tried my best to secure authentic English translations of such songs, but, unfortunately, I have not yet succeeded, I hope to include them in a future edition of this work.

In the compilation I have received the kind help of more than one friend and the generous courtesy of several Indian authors, without which the publication of a work of this nature would have been impossible. I have to tender my sincere thanks to Srimati Sarojini Naidu, Dr. Annie Besant, Srimati Saraladevi Chaudhurani, Sadhu T.L. Vaswani, Mr. C. F. Andrews, Sir Muhammad Iqbal and Shriyut Harindranath Chattopadhyaya for kindly waiving the copyright of their songs included in this collection.

I am also indebted to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Dr. J. H. Cousins, Syt. Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, Miss Rahima Tyebyj, Syed A. Rafique and other authors for their poems

to the Rev J C Winslow of the Christa Seva Sangha and Mr D N. Tilak for their kind permission to publish the English translations of two of the patriotic songs of the Rev. N V. Tilak, to Mr Rustom K Irani for his English rendering of the Afghan National Anthem, to the Acting Consuls of Czechoslovakia and Sweden in Bombay, for kindly supplying me with the English translations of the national anthems of their countries, to my friends Messrs M Govind Pai, V M Dubhashe and "Cyrus" of the "Herald" fame for their translations of the songs of Sir Md Iqbal Pandit Sridhar Pathak and Rev N V Tilak respectively, to Mr G K Nariman for his helpful advice and to "Cyrus" once again not only for his fine exposition of the "Soul of Nationalism," which forms the introduction to the present work, but also for his constant help in the collection of the songs and in various other directions in the preparation of this brochure

My especial thanks are due to my dear "Chief," Mr B G Horniman, for his highly suggestive "Foreword." There can be no doubt, as he observes, that India has yet to produce a real National Anthem the singing of which 'will not be left to half a dozen little girls or two little boys from an orphanage but made an occasion for a mighty chorus from a thousand throats—a mighty roar that will inspire our hearts and stir our emotions for the doing of doughty deeds"

If my present humble effort contributes in any way to the evolution of such a truly inspiring National Anthem I shall feel amply compensated.

*R. K. P.*

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# INDIAN NATIONAL SONGS.

## BANDE MATARAM

( 1 )

Mother I bow to thee !  
Rich with thy hurrying streams,  
Bright with thy orchard gleams,  
Cool with thy winds of delight,  
Dark fields waving, Mother of Might,  
Mother free  
Glory of moonlight dreams,  
Over thy branches and lordly streams,  
Clad in thy blossoming trees,  
Mother, giver of ease,  
Laughing low and sweet !  
Mother, I kiss thy feet,  
Speaker sweet and low !  
Mother, to thee I bow.  
Who hath said thou art weak in thy lands,  
When the swords flash out in seventy million hands  
And seventy million voices roar  
Thy dreadful name from shore to shore ?  
With many strengths who art mighty and stored  
To thee I call, Mother and Lord !  
Thou who savest, arise and save !  
To her I cry who ever her foemen drove  
Back from plain and sea  
And shook herself free  
Thou art wisdom, thou art law,  
Thou our heart, our soul, our breath,  
Thou the love divine, the awe  
In our hearts that conquers death

Thine the strength that nerves the arm,  
 Thine the beauty, thine the charm.  
 Every image made divine  
 In our temples is but thine  
 Thou art Durga, Lady and Queen, —  
 With her hands that strike and her swords of sheen.  
 Thou art Lakshmi lotus-throned  
 And the Muse a hundred-toned  
 Pure and perfect without peer  
 Mother, lend thine ear.

Rich with thy hurrying streams,  
 Bright with thy orchard gleams,  
 Dark of hue, O candid fair  
 In thy soul, with jewelled hair  
 And thy glorious smile divine,  
 Loveliest of all earthly lands,  
~~Showering a wealth of rain on all thy hands~~  
 Mother, Mother, mine!  
 Mother sweet, I bow to thee, —  
 Mother great and free!

—Bankim Chandra Chatterji,  
 (Translated by Sri Aurobindo Ghose).

## BANDE MATARAM.

( 2 )

My Motherland I sing,  
 Her splendid streams, her glorious trees,  
 The zephyr from the far-off Vindhyan heights,  
 Her fields of waving corn,  
 The rapturous radiance of her moonlit nights,  
 The trees in flower that sweetly vocal are,  
 The happy blessed Motherland;  
 Her will by seventy million throats extolled,  
 Her power twice seventy million arms upheld,  
 Her strength let no man scorn.

Thou art my head, thou art my heart,  
 My life and soul art thou,  
 My soul, my worship and my art,  
 Before thy feet I bow.  
 As Durga, scourge of all thy foes,  
 As Lakshmi, bowered in the flower  
 That in the water grows,  
 As Vam, wisdom, power,  
 The source of all our might,  
 Our every temple doth thy form enfold,  
 Unequalled, tender, happy, pure.  
 Of splendid streams, of glorious trees,  
 My Motherland I sing,  
 The stainless charms that e'er endure;  
 And verdant banks and wholesome breeze,  
 That with her praises ring

—*Bankim Chandra Chatterji.*

(Translated by Mr. Lee, I. C. S.)

## MOTHER INDIA

O Young through all thy immemorial years !  
 Rise, Mother, rise, regenerate from thy gloom,  
 And like a bride high-mated with the spheres,  
 Beget new glories from thy ageless womb !  
 The nations that in fettered darkness weep  
 Crave thee to lead them where great mornings  
break,

Mother, O Mother, wherefore dost thou sleep !  
 Arise and answer for thy children's sake !  
 Thy future calls thee with a manifold sound  
 To crescent honours, splendours, victories vast  
 Waken, O slumbering Mother and be crowned  
 Who once were Empress of the Sovereign Past

—*Sarojini Naidu,*

Lo ! we would thrill the high stars with thy story,  
 And set thee again in the forefront of glory.  
 Hindus :—Mother ! the flowers of our worship  
   have crowned thee !  
 Parsees :—Mother ! the flame of our hope shall  
   surround thee !  
 Mussalmans :—Mother ! the sword of our love  
   defend thee !  
 Christians :—Mother ! the song of our faith shall  
   attend thee !  
 All Creeds :—Shall not our dauntless devotion  
   aval thee ! Heaven ! O queen and  
   O goddess, we hail thee !

—Sarojini Naidu.

## MY CHARMING MOTHERLAND

O thou, who art the world's delight,  
 Motherland of our ancestors  
 Whose lands with solar rays are bright !  
 Thy feet the blue sea waters lave,  
 Thy verdant robes the breezes wave !  
 Thy brow Himalaya mount  
 Crown'd with its snows of purest white  
 The day first dawns within thy skies,  
 The Vedic hymns first here took rise,  
 Poesy, wisdom, stories, creeds,  
 In thy woodlands first saw the light  
 Everlasting is thy renown  
 Who feed'st the world and feedst thy own,  
 The Jumna and the Ganges sweet  
 Carry thy mercy day and night

—Rabindranath Tagore

## THE MORNING SONG OF INDIA

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people dis-  
 penser of India's destiny  
 Thy name rouses the hearts of the Punjab Sindh  
 Gujarat and Maratha of the Dravid and Orissa  
 and Bengal  
 It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himala-  
 ya mingles in the music of the Jamna and  
 Ganges and is chanted by the waves of the  
 Indian sea  
 They pray for thy blessing and sing thy praise  
 The saving of all people waits in thy hand  
 thou dispenser of India's destiny  
 Victory victory victory to thee  
 Day and night thy voice goes out from land to  
 land calling the Hindus Buddhists Sikhs and  
 Jains round thy throne and the Parsis Mus-  
 salmans and Christians  
*The East and the West join hands in their prayer*  
 to thee and the garland of love is woven  
 Thou bringest the hearts of all people to the  
 harmony of one life thou dispenser of India's  
 destiny  
 Victory victory victory to thee !  
 The procession of pilgrims passes over the endless  
 road rugged with the rise and fall of nations  
 And it resounds with the thunder of thy wheels  
 I eternal Charioteer !  
 Through the dire days of doom thy trumpet sound  
 and men are led by thee across death  
 Thy finger points the path to all people O dispen-  
 ser of India's destiny !  
 Victory victory victory to thee !

The darknes was dense and deep was the night  
 My country lay in a deathlike silence of swoon  
 But thy mother-arms were round her, and thine  
 eyes gazed upon her troubled face in sleepless  
 love through her hours of ghastly dreams  
 Thou art the companion and the saviour of the  
 people in their sorrows, thou dispenser of  
 India's destiny!

Victory, victory, victory to thee"

The night fades, the light breaks over the peaks of  
 the eastern hills, the birds begin to sing and  
 the morning breeze carries the breath of new  
 life

The rays of thy mercy have touched the waking  
 land with their blessings

*Victory to thee, King of kings, Victory to thee,*  
 dispenser of India's destiny!

Victory, victory, victory to thee!

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

## WAKE UP, INDIA

Hark! the tramp of marching numbers,  
 India waking from her slumbers,

Calls us to the fray

Not with weapons slaughter dealing

Not with blood her triumph sealing;

But with peace bells loudly pealing

Dawns her Freedom's Day,

Justice is her buckler stainless

Argument her rapier painless,

Truth her pointed lance

Hark! her song to Heaven ringing,



Hatreds all behind her flinging  
 Peace and joy to all she is bringing  
 Love her shining gladsome

Mother, Dear! all victorious  
 Thou hast seen a vision glorious  
 Dreamt of Liberty

Now the vision has its ending  
 In the truth, all dreams transcending  
 Hope and fact together blending  
 Free! from sea to sea

By the plains and snow-clad mountains  
 By the streams and rushing fountains  
 By Himalayan heights  
 By the past of splendid story  
 By the hopes of future glory  
 By the strength of wisdom hours  
 Claim thy sacred Rights

—*Annie Besant*

---

## HINDUSTAN HAMARA

In all wide universe  
 Our Ind the fairest far  
 Her is Hindu, des we are  
 And she the rose garden ours

Although in climes divers  
 Our hearts are yet with her  
 Know we are united but there--  
 Whither tend these hearts of ours

The peak that loftiest towers  
 And doth in heavens dwell--  
 That is our sentinel  
 'Tis tireless watchman ours

In her lap a thousand rivers  
 They play so light and lovely,  
 E'en realms of Paradise envy  
 The breath of this garden of ours.

O Gangi's rolling course,  
 Rememb'rest thou the day,  
 When came on thy shores to stay  
 Full caravan of ours?

No creed to teach endeavours  
 Each other to hate or strike,  
 We're Indians all alike—  
 Dear Ind is sweet home ours

Greece, Egypt, Rome—great powers,  
 In story but survive,  
 But the name and fame still thrive  
 Of dear old Ind of ours

'Tis secret none discovers  
 Why we are as we were,  
 In tides that nothing spare,  
 Though countless foes be ours

Iqbal, in this world scarce  
 A confidant we have seen,  
 Who knoweth ever the keen  
 And silent pain of ours.

—*Shaikh Muhammad Iqbal*,  
 (Translated by M. Govind Pat)

# HAIL! HINDUSTAN!

Sing, O my Muse, recall our ancient glory,  
 Sing thou, sing Hindustan!  
 Inspire this throng with soul bestirring glory,

Sing now sing Hindustan !  
 Let valor bright breathe in the very name  
 Instill into thy song past wealth and fame  
 Bengal Madras Bombay and Rajputana !  
 Hindu Parsee Sikh Christian Mussalman

Let every voice in concord ring  
 In every tongue the burden sing  
 All hail to Hindustan !  
 Hara Hara Hara - hail Hindustan  
 Dadar Hormuzd - Hindustan !  
 Flah Al bir - Hindustan !  
 All hail to Hindustan !

(Chorus)

Sing O my Muse, defeat all party strife  
 Sing thou sing Hindustan !  
 Giver of strength and power giver of life  
 Sing now sing Hindustan !  
 In joy and sorrow let us not be parted  
 In arm and effort make us single hearted

(Chorus)

Sing O my Muse arouse the people's heart  
 Sing thou sing Hindustan !  
 Maker of mighty nation that thou art  
 Sing now Sing Hindustan !  
 Uplift the flag of FREEDOM on high  
 And let stern DUTY sound her bugle cry

(Chorus)

— Sarvadatta Chatterjee

## TO HINDUSTHAN

Mother of Men that once were free  
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

What grief hath now befallen thee,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Traitors have sold thee to the foe,  
And brought upon thee shame and woe,  
Yes, thine own sons have laid thee low,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Gone are thy sages, famed of yore,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !  
Gone, too, thy race of warriors bold,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Gone are thy fields of waving corn,  
Nothing grows now but weed and thorn  
And none but hungering slaves are born,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

\* \* \* \*

I crave nor gold nor marble bust,  
But with my blood to cleanse thy dust  
Polluted by the alien's lust,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Despair not of my little worth,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !  
Was it not thou that gave me birth  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

My love for thee a quenchless flame  
Will cleanse me from all sin and shame  
And make me worthy of thy name,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Mine not the wish to see thee free,  
I only long to die and be  
Foundation of thy liberty,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Call me to sleep on thy pure breast,  
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

For thee alone is peace and rest,  
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !  
 Take now my soul, all, all is thine  
 To die for thee is joy divine,  
 I grudge thee nothing Country Mine,  
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

\* \* \* \*

Bear me a thousand times again  
 A thousand times my blood I'll drain  
 Till thou art rescued from thy pain,  
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !  
 And when the war is fought and won  
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !  
 And risen is thy glorious son,  
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

—Virendranath Chattopadhyaya

### SONS OF INDIA

Sons of India ! sing the glory •  
 Of the land that gave you birth  
 Sing with heart and soul accorded  
 Of her greatness and her worth  
 Matchless is this land of ours !  
 Whither is the mount so high  
 That like proud Himadri towers  
 Till its summits cleave the sky !  
 Fruitful is her soil and fertile,  
 Sacred are her rivers broad,  
 Countless are her precious mines  
 With jewels rare and riches stored  
 Hail to India ! Sing her praises,  
 Fill her heart with hope and joy ,  
 May she win the crown of glory,  
 Sing, Sing, ' Bharatara Joy ! '  
 (Chorus)

Loyal are her lowly daughters,  
 • Peerless they beyond compare,  
 Sharmistha, Savitri, Seeta,  
 Dimvyanti, true and fair.  
 (Chorus)

Vashistha, Gautama, Atri,  
 Holy saints by all revered,  
 Vishwamitra too and Bhṛigu  
 These the sons this land has reared

Birds illustrious here have flourished,  
 None their genius can surpass,  
 Valmiki and Vedvyasa  
 Bhābhuti, Kālidāsa  
 (Chorus)

Bear ye not in mind the memory  
 Of our warriors, brave and bold,  
 Bhishma, Drona, Bhīsmarjuna,  
 Prithwiraja free and bold ?  
 Mighty bulwarks of their country,  
 Sternly they repressed all wrong,  
 Of their enemies the terror,  
 Of the weak protectors strong.  
 (Chorus)

Fear not friends, be brave and hopeful  
 Let not grief your hearts o'ercast,  
 Courage, courage ! know that ever  
 Righteous valour triumphs at last.

Saved we are weak and helpless,  
 Unity our strength will prove,  
 Let us join in earning glory  
 For the motherland we love  
 (Chorus)

—Satyendra Nath Tagore

## INDIA THE MOTHER

India the Mother of sages and sages  
 Mother of Nations Mother of me!  
 Thou dost awake from the slumber of ages  
 Hailing the Day of the Tree

Once again onward  
 Go thy feet downward  
 Lo the glad signal is broad in the sky  
 Scatters thy night time!  
 Now comes thy light time

*Ura Mata Hiji*

What though the Philistine proud in his power  
 Heathen and helot have named thee in scorn  
 Thou didst abide in the dream of an hour  
 Wherein thy Truth should be born

Thou through derision  
 Cherished thy vision—  
 God unto Man Earth to Heaven brought forth  
 Sanctified beauty  
 Dignified duty

*Ura Mata Hiji*

Wide is thine empire of thought and devotion  
 Wide is the hope and the hunger of Man  
 Thou hast alleys, unceasing from ocean to ocean  
 Pilgrims from Spain and Japan

Lofty and lowly  
 Count thy soil holy  
 Thou hast a Kingdom no treacher could betray  
 Thou dost inherit  
 Realms of the spirit

*Ura Mata Hiji*

Thou hast no need for the weapons of terror  
 Wielder of Wisdom armoured in Love!

Thou on the conflicts of passion and error  
 I rest the breast of the dove

Now the six Nations

Thy ministrations

Call for and nought shall thy service defy

Nothing may bind thee

That all may find thee

*Bharata Mata ki jai*

We who, though born of thy body, O Mother!

Sinned against thee in the days that are done

Break now the bondage of sister and brother

See! at thy feet we are one

Tamil or Sindhar

We are all Indian

Woman and man with free hand lifted high

We in this mirth time

Hail thy new birth time

*Bharata Mata ki jai*

—J H Cousins

### III MOTHERLAND

#### THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS

To our starry heights we call you where the pure  
 white fields of snow

Touch the azure vault of heaven far above

the dusty heat

Down below the air is stifling come and breathe  
 of our free spirit

O ye Leaders of the People

#### THE VOICE OF THE FORESTS

To our forest glades we call you where the brood  
 of Eastern sages



With the birds and beasts around them, prayed  
   and fasted, pondering deep  
 Over things divine and human: learn of us high  
   thought and purpose,  
 O ye Leaders of the People.

#### THE VOICE OF THE DESERT

To our desert tracts we call you, where in solitude  
   and awe  
 Man is mute beneath the sky, and earth is  
   hushed and God is near.  
 Far away is noise and tumult: come and learn of  
   us in silence,  
 O ye Leaders of the People.

#### THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

To our sounding shore we call you, where the  
   waves are ever breaking,  
 And the foam leaps up and sparkles in the  
   joyousness of strife,  
 Driven backward yet advancing: come and breathe  
   of our brave spirit,  
 O ye Leaders of the People

#### THE VOICE OF THE PLAINS

To our sunny plains we call you, shimmering in  
   the summer heat.  
 Where the simple village people till the field  
   and tend the herd.  
 Patient, poor and uncomplaining: come and learn  
   our calm endurance,  
 O ye Leaders of the People

## THE VOICE OF THE RIVERS

To our sacred banks we call you, where the slow  
and stately waters  
Tell of age long self outpouring on the dry  
and thirsty ground.  
Where we flow not, all is barren: drink of our  
life-yielding spirit,  
O ye Leaders of the People

## THE VOICE OF THE CITILS

To our ancient halls we call you, where your  
 fathers lived and ruled,  
 Kasi with its seats of learning, royal Agra,  
 fair Lucknow,  
 Old Prayag, imperial Delhi, come and learn your  
 nation's greatness,  
 O ye Leaders of the People

## THE VOICE OF THE MOTHERLAND

It is I, your Mother, call you, by the snows and  
by the forests.  
By the silence of my deserts, by the toiling of  
my plains,  
By my cities, seas and rivers live and die for  
me, your Mother,  
O ye Leaders of the People

—C. F. Andrews

## HYMN OF UNREST

Saviour of the Nations ! Spirit of the Ancient  
Days !  
The daily agony of the millions with starvation  
striped

In a Land where Nature scatters with a generous  
 hand,  
 The daily suffering of our statelest men for this  
 ble-sed crime  
 That against Cæsar's will they choose the Law of  
 Christ,  
 The daily tragedy of a People who will not spurn  
 their Mother,  
 —How long will it be thus, how long  
 Redeemer of the Race?  
 Remember, Lord! Our martyred men and all who  
 died in witness of their faith,  
 And even in death dreamt of the Sacrificial Deed  
 and Liberty's Day!  
 Listen to the language of our tears, to silent suf-  
 ferings of the Land  
 And hear the voices of our hills and streams, our  
 woods and village homes!  
 Bowed down with Poverty and Pain,  
 Thy people fallen have not failed,  
 For still the Struggle grows and men march  
 singing to the jail,  
 And sure as the Sun will never set in East the Na-  
 tion will not fail,  
 As long as in the Nation's Youth remain some  
 sparks of the Ancient Flame  
 Bring back, O Lord! the days of Simple Life, of  
 village plenty, Health and Faith,  
 Bring back the music of the Spinning Wheel, and  
 bless the Struggle of these days,  
 That we of many faiths and creeds may stand to-  
 gether in Thy sight  
 And guard India's right for Thy Kingdom that is  
 to come

## MY MOTHERLAND.

O my Banga, O my Mother, O my Nurse, O Coun-  
try mine !

Why dishevelled are thy tresses, lustreless thy  
look divine ?

For thy seat this lowly dust, for raiment thy tat-  
tered gear,

When thy seventy million children call thee fondly  
" Mother dear "

*Chorus*

'There's no pain and there's no shame and there's  
no grief, no sorrow's brand,

When the seventy million voices sing in chorus  
" Motherland."

Here arose Lord Buddha Great who opened  
Nirvana's gates above,

Half the world still knell before Him worshipping  
in fervent love.

King Asoka spread his deeds from Kandahar to  
th' azure main

Art thou not their country, Mother? of these gods  
the holy fane ?

Once thy great victorious army conquered Lanka  
with such ease,

Once thy ships sailed freely o'er the waters of the  
eastern seas,

Once thy sons o'er Cheen, Japan and Tibet led  
their learned lore

Is it thus and is it thou in rags and weeping ever-  
more ?

Here the sky with Nana's Kirtan with mridanga's  
music rang,

Raghu wrote his learned logic, Chandidasa sweetly  
 sang,  
 Bravely fought Pratapaditya. Blessed be thy  
 Mother's name,  
 Blessed are we, if some drops of blood of theirs  
 we still can claim

Though thy light Divine has vanished, and thy day  
 is dark as night,  
 Clouds will pass away, and glory shine in lustre  
 fresh and bright  
 Men are we, and not mere sheep, we will revive  
 thy glory grand,  
 O my Goddess, O my life's goal, O my Heaven,  
 my Motherland.

—D. L. Roy (Translated by B. C. Mazumdar)

## TO THE MOTHER SPIRIT OF INDIA

Oh, rise! my own, my own enchanting land!  
 Where mighty Ram his filial duties filled,  
 Sylvan Shakuntla found her fiery way  
 To heart Imperial, and Padmavati.....  
 Gave a heart all willing to mounting flames,  
 And moved to place amid th' eternal names.

High in true greatness, ever noble land!  
 Thrice nobler yet by love and duty made,  
 As when thy streams of truer colour ran  
 Mingled with gallant chieftains' votive blood,  
 Or when in justice Muslim sovereigns reigned  
 Shining resplendence on serene domains

Stir then, and rise, Spirit of Bharat come  
 And all our hearts in selfless love unite  
 And lead us forth upon the weary road  
 Of toil for future generation's sacred might

Ye Hindus wise ye Muslims brave, oh male  
 One common cause for common country's sake  
 know ye not yet? Your very flesh and bone  
 By that same mother India both were given  
 And given too the spirit that ye breathe  
 Deluded children! How can ye delight  
 To wound each other with such tearing rage  
 At ev'ry blow your tortured mother bleeds

Cease oh cease, Brahma bids you cease  
 And from strife suicidal joyful turn  
 Your forces wildly spent Oh set your gaze  
 Upon the future goal With main and might  
 United work and work to deserve and gain  
 Freedom your own and your own birth right  
 —Syed A. Rafique

### MY MOTHERLAND

Bread shall I eat and rags shall I wear for the sake  
 of thy love, my Motherland, and I shall throw  
 in the dust all that passes for glory and hap-  
 piness

Sooner or later my soul must quit this mortal  
 house and go but has death power to take me  
 away from thee? Thou knowest he has not  
 To be born of thee—how blessed is the privi-  
 lege Who is there to rob me of it? Is there  
 any robber so daring? Time? Death?  
 No, none.

That, rising upwards, curl in smoky strands  
 Towards that throne from which God justice deals  
 The vaunted peace and order foreign rule  
 Has brought into this land has made us slaves  
 And in the wilds of this terrestrial globe  
 We roam as cattle scorned, insulted spurned !  
 What is this comfort, law and order? What  
 This peace, that in its slavish chains doth bind  
 The heart, the soul the mind of Hindustan ?  
 So helpless are we, oh, as poor, so weak,  
 That for a piece of cloth to cover our dead  
 We needs must turn to other lands, oh, shame !  
 Alas alas our Greatness, where art thou?  
 Lost in the dust ? Our freedom sold for chains  
 Of brass, that in our slavish ignorance  
 We do mistake for gold ! Ah ! now the cage  
 Wherein so long we fluttered, 'prisoned birds  
 Is flung wide open ! But ah woe is me  
 Where is the strength in our enfeebled wings  
 To soar into that liberty we crave  
 For which we hunger thirst, we pine, we die ?

—*Rithma Tyabji*

## TO THE AWAKENED INDIA

Once more awake !

I or sleep it was not death to bring thee life  
 Anew, and rest to lotus eyes for visions  
 During yet, the world in need awaits O Truth !  
 No death for thee !

Resume thy march,

With gentle feet that would not break the  
 Peaceful rest, even of the road side dust  
 That lies so low Yet strong and steady





And tell the world—

Awake arise dream no more!

This is the land of dreams where karmā  
Weaves unthreaded garlands with our thoughts  
Of flowers sweet or noxious—and none  
Has root or stem being born in naught which  
The softest breath of Truth drives back to  
Primal nothingness Be bold and face  
The Truth Be one with it! Let visions cease  
Or, if you cannot dream then truer dreams  
Which are Eternal Love and Service I see

—Swami Vivekananda

---

Thou hast worshipped Truth and Love!  
Thou hast thrown up Supermen!  
Thou hast stood the Ages' stormst  
The nations' home—Thou canst not die!  
Jannabhum! Punyabhum!

—T. L. Vaseau.

BEHOLD THE MOTHER!

*India!*

Once didst thou shine like morning stars,  
And thy light was upon the paths of nations in  
the night!  
'The Ancient Glory? Where is it! Oh where?  
Where are the kshatriya-souls of old?  
The warriors of the Spirit, where?  
'The men that sought no guns but Sacrifice?  
No riches but Remuneration, wisdom, love?

Where are the Dreamers of the ancient day?  
And Sages Prophets of the inner Light?  
And Supermen of action flung into Sacrifice!  
And Singers of the Secret that is God?  
And Leaders great who sought the service of the poor  
And not the tinsel of a titled greatness nor the  
emptiness of crowds' applauses  
And where, O where, are they the Youth that dared  
in strength of faith  
To offer all as gifts of Love at Krishna's Lotus  
Feet?

Will India be defeated long?  
It cannot be! For India's bondage is the World's!

And till this ancient nation stand erect, a nation of  
the Free,  
Wounded still must be the Heart of Humanity.  
Courage! Comrades! Courage! Sons and daughters  
of the sages of the East!  
I see Her re arise! I see Her with the Healing  
Flames!  
I see Her out again with Atma shakti of the Rishis  
and the Gods!  
I see Her break the chains,—a Queen again 'mid  
nations of the Morn!  
—T I Vasuam

## BELOVED HINDUSTHAN

Where on earth can you find a beloved land like  
Hindusthan? Dearest of all lands, our Hindu-  
sthan!

On her the loving God ever showers love in a  
thousand ways and she is justly proud of this  
grace Our Motherland, loving, sweet and  
kind where on earth can you find a beloved  
land like Hindusthan! Dearest of all lands, our  
Hindusthan!

Where the stream of religion flows, where paths  
of duty shine, where the flame of devotion  
burns and sacrifice is life's goal where free-  
dom and selflessness reign—where on earth  
can you find a beloved land like Hindusthan!  
Dearest of all lands, our Hindusthan!

The yet child of Heavenly Father, the loving babe  
of Mother Nature, the very embodiment of  
all that is auspicious, resplendent, beautiful  
and bounteous, whom even gods adore, where

on earth can you find a beloved land like  
Hindusthan ! Dearest of all lands, our Hindu  
sthan !

May we her servants warlike prove strong fearless,  
bold and true ! May we her sorrows remove,  
ever keep her free from pain, consecrating our  
body, soul and mind ! Where on earth can  
you find a beloved land like Hindusthan !  
Dearest of all lands our Hindusthan !

—*Shridhar Pathak*

(Freely rendered into English by

V M Dubhashe from the author's Hindi song)

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## BELOVED HINDISTHAN

Beloved Hindisthan,  
Our own beloved Hindisthan !  
She is ornament of the globe incomparable  
fount of all pleasures,  
Delightful abode of our pride of our glory  
Oh Motherland ! We can but put ourselves on all  
at thy feet,  
Incomparable are thy kindnesses,  
And never could we, wealings hope to repay  
them  
Thy face is pleasant immeasurably eternally beau-  
tiful,  
And thou fillest the place in our reverence of both  
mother and father

—*Varayan Vaman Tilak*

(Translated by 'Cyrus' from the author's  
Marathi song)

## THE NATIONAL CONGRESS ANTHEM

Ye sons of noble India!  
 With heart and soul unite  
 And sing aloud her praises  
 Extol her boundless might

There is no land like India  
 No mount like hers so high—  
 For none but great Himadri  
 Can touch the lofty sky  
 O holy land of Ganga!  
 Thy fields are ever green  
 With priceless jewels resplendent,  
 Thou rulest the world O Queen!

(Chorus)

We hail thee dear old India!  
 We hail thee Motherland!  
 And singing forth thy praises  
 We all united stand  
 O Land of mighty heroes!  
 O mother of mighty men!  
 The darksome night that clouds thee  
 Shall turn to light again

For this our world is fleeting  
 No darkness long can stay  
 Look up! the shining Surya  
 Proclaims the dawn of day

(Chorus)

O land of righteous Rama!  
 Karnatak! Coorg! Sindh  
 O Land of five great rivers!  
 O Malva heart of Hind

O Land of Central India!  
 Bengal and Burma fair!  
 O glorious Land of Goojars!  
 With whom shall I compare?

Madras! Ma (ha) rashtra! Sorathi!  
 And Rajputana great!  
 Ye all have done your duty,  
 In lifting national weight,  
 (Chorus )

Ye Hindu ! J un and Moslem !  
 Ye Parsi ! Jew ! Buddhist !  
 Ye Christian! Sikh and Brahmo!  
 Ye children of the East!

Stretch forth your arms in friendship,  
 And greet your countrymen,  
 For 'tis the blood of India  
 That runs through every vein.  
 ( Chorus )

But lo! our dear old India  
 How sunken is her state!  
 Her children die by thousands—  
 O what a horrible fate!

Be up! ye sons of India  
 And pray for help to God  
 Perform your yearly Yatra  
 To National Synod

And purified by Congress,  
 Keep up your spirits high,

And save our dear old India,  
And raise a joyous cry!  
(Chorus)

Arise I ye sons of India!  
Be just and fear naught.  
Stand up and serve your country  
And glorious is your lot—

For so proclaim Shastras  
'Where duty is the goal,  
There victory must follow  
To crown the glorious soul.'

But if we are divided,  
There surely lies our fall;  
In Union lies our safety,  
As known to each and all.

'Then up! United India!  
And make your country bright,  
In doing one's own Duty \*  
There sha'n't be fear or fright.  
(Chorus.)

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### A CHARKA-SONG

The Charka is our weapon, lo' our weapon,  
By its aid we shall win...  
O brothers! the Charka is our Kama Dhenu, the  
Cow of Boons...  
And the yarn is the stream of her milk so pure  
and fresh.  
O listen, listen with the heart to the tune of the  
Charka.

It is the one-stringed lyre of life  
 The Charka is a lamp, and the yarn its wick.  
 O way-lost traveller! wake up its flame...  
 Hearing the whirling resonance of the Charka  
 From age to age, sun and moon and star dance in  
     rapture  
 If the house has any ornament at all it is the  
     Charka,  
 And lo, it is dearer than life itself.  
 In the boat of Charka sail and sail continually,  
 If you desire to reach the shore of peace.  
     —*Harindranath Chattopadhyay*<sup>a</sup>

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## THE CHARKHA

Spin, spin, a nation is waking  
 A fresh dawn is breaking, a new day is born.  
 Weave, weave, Arya Varta is waiting  
 For garments of homespun to greet the new morn  
 Spin for the starving who are not yet dead,  
 For the life of the Motherland hangs by a thread.  
 Weave the bright web of a future so great  
 The world will allow that man weaves his own  
     fate—  
 Spin, spin, to the naked, give clothing,  
 Food to the hungry, wheels to the poor.  
 Work, work, all idleness loathing,  
 For only by spinning, our lives we insure  
 Chant, chant, that religion is spinning,  
 Our work, a glad penance to keep the heart pure  
 Spin, spin, pay for past sinning,  
 • Earn by the CHARKHA deliverance and cure.



A hum is the hovel the dwelling the mosque  
 For pariah, brahman and mullah a tale  
 A hum is the school every child keeps pace  
 With the effort to free his down-trodden race—

Hum hum as the bee keeps on humming  
 And gather the cotton as honey from flowers  
 Store store it in cloth which keeps coming  
 Until crowned by thrift we eclipse the next  
 powers.

Spin spin a nation is winning  
 Its freedom by spinning its place among men  
 Spin spin our women are spinning  
 The CHARKHA is needed above sword or  
 pen

The Goddess of Liberty sits at the wheel  
 And substitutes spinning for bullets of steel  
 She smiles that the living continue to weave  
 And women and children have no cause to  
 grieve—

Spin spin a new flag is swinging  
 The symbol of women abroad unto men  
 Work work the CHARKHA is spinning  
 A cable to circle the globe in its span

Spin spin a heaven creating  
 Where beauty and truth peace and plenty abide  
 Sing sing of the stand we are taking  
 Until all the nation's strifes are allied

Well within hand be the thread's release  
 The price of his labour each man's increase  
 His time his endeavour his patience his toil  
 Sacred and safe as his home or his soil—

Shine, shine as the Sun in his spinning

Shines in that great wheel where Earth is a spoke.

Voice, voice through the CHARKHA this humming,

Echo, "The Music of the Spheres", O ye Folk!

—*Maude Ralston Sherman*

# NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

ENGLAND—

GOD SAVE THE KING

;(1)

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!  
Oh Lord, our God ' arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Contound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hopes we fix,—  
God save us all!  
Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign!  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
' God save the King! "

—Henry Carey.

(2)

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save our King!

May peace his power extend,  
 I'oe be transformed to friend,  
 To Thee our prayers ascend,

God save our King!

Strong in a Nation's love,  
 May he Thy goodness prove,

God save our King!

Teach him to do Thy will,

Guard him from every ill,

His cup with blessing fill,

God save our King!

Our empire deign to bless

With peace and righteousness,

God save our King!

And may the Nation see,

By love and loyalty,

We seek to honour Thee,

God save our King!

—*Revised by V. J. Charlesworth,*

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Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 For Christian service, and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world.....  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune.

—*William Shakespeare.*

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DEAR LANDS OF OUR FATHERS  
 DEAR LANDS OF OUR CHILDREN

There's land, a dear land, where the rights of the  
 free,  
 Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea,  
 Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales  
 sing,  
 And the honest poor man is as good as a king  
 Showery! Flowery!  
 Tearful! Cheerful!  
 England, wave-guarded and green to the shore!  
 West Land! Best Land!  
 Thy Land! My Land!  
 Glory be with her, and, Peace evermore!

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour of soul  
 Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole,  
 Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume  
 To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb  
 Sea Land! Free Land!  
 Fairest! Rarest!

Home of brave men, and the girls they adore!  
 Fearless! Peerless!  
 Thy Land! My Land!  
 Glory be with her, and Peace evermore!

—*Charles Mackay.*

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### RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain—  
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves'

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 But work their woe and thy renown

The Muses still with freedom found  
Shall to thy happy coast repair  
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned  
And manly hearts to guard the fau  
Rule Britannia rule the waves  
Britons never will be slaves "

—James Thomson

## LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Dear Land of Hope thy hope is crowned,  
God make thee mightier yet!  
On sovran brows beloved renowned  
Once more thy crown is set  
Thine equal laws by Freedom gained  
Have ruled thee well and long  
By Freedom gained by Truth maintained  
Thine Empire shall be strong

(Chorus)

I and of Hope and Glory Mother of the Free  
How shall we extol thee \*who we born of thee?  
Wider still and wider shall thy bonds be set  
God who made thee mighty make thee  
mightier yet

Thy fame is ancient as the days  
 As ocean large and wide  
 A pride that dures and heeds not praise  
 A stern and silent pride  
 Not that false joy that dreams content  
 With what our sires have won  
 The blood a hero sire hath spent  
 Still nerves a hero son

(Chorus)

—A C Benson

## LIBERAL SONG OF VICTORY

There's a bugle call & sounding and we're rallying  
to the call  
There's a fighting line & forming and there's work  
for each and all  
There's a Young Brigade to vanquish e'er the  
Good Old Cause shall fall -  
For the Old Flag's floating still

## Chorus

Forward forward then to victory  
Forward forward then to victory '  
Forward forward then to victory '  
For the Old Flag's floating still '

'Tis the flag that signalled Freedom to the serf  
behind the plough  
'Tis the flag that freed our fathers - shall then sons  
forsake it now ?  
'Tis the flag we've sworn to follow and we mean  
to keep our vow  
While the Old Flag's floating still '

It shall wave again victorious over Mersey - Thames  
and Tyne  
Over the rugged coasts of Cornwall add beyond  
the Highland line  
It shall rise again triumphant over fondry field  
and mine  
For the Old Flag's floating still

We've a hope that cheers us onward to a freer  
nobler day  
We've a right to gild the people as they tread upon  
their way



We've a quenchless faith in Freedom, and her  
 cause we'll ne'er betray,  
 While the Old Flag's floating still!

There are foes upon the left hand, there are foes  
 upon the right,  
 But they fear the name of Freedom, and they  
 shrink before her might  
 Let them put their trust in darkness—we'll go mar-  
 ching to the light,  
 Where the Old Flag's floating still!

O' we've heard the call & sounding and we're  
 marching to the call!  
 In the fight for Peace and Progress there's a post  
 for each and all  
 They've the Young Brigade to conquer e'er the  
 Grand Old Cause shall fall—  
 And the Old Flag's floating still!

—E. H. Jellie

(With acknowledgements to 'The  
 Daily News London')

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## THE FLAG

Unfurl the banner of England  
 Tell to the heavens her story,  
 A thousand years she has held it fast,  
 A thousand years of a mighty past,  
 The tale of a nation's glory

Red for the nation's heart,  
 White for the stainless brand  
 Blue for the girding sea  
 That for ever guards the land

Turn to the record of England  
 Open that page of splendour,  
 'Trac'd in letter of shining gold,  
 Unfading still from the days of old,  
 Our homage to that we render,  
                                     Red, &c , &c

Is it all we can do for England ?  
 Nay, now, for the need is o'er us,  
 For King and Country, for home and faith,  
 And how to endure, if the end be death,  
 They have taught, who went before us  
                                     Red, &c., &c

—*Rachel Henzlowe*

( With acknowledgements to The  
 Morning Post, London )

WALFS-- -

## MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,  
 Do ye hear, like rushing billow,  
 Wave on wave that surging follow  
 Battle's distant sound?  
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,  
 Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,  
 Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen  
 They shall bite the ground!

Rocky sleeps and passes narrow,  
 Flash with spear and flight of arrow  
 Who would think of death or sorrow?  
 Death is glory now!

Hurl the reeling horsemen over!  
 Let the earth dead foemen cover!  
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,  
 Trembles on a blow!

•

Loose the folds asunder,  
 Flag we conquer!  
 The placid sky now bight on high,  
 Shall launch its bolts in thunder!  
 Onward! 'tis our country needs!  
 He is bravest, who leads us!  
 Honour's self now proudly leads us!  
 Cumbria God and Right!

Strands of life are riven;  
 Blow for blow is given,  
 In deadly lock, or battle shock,  
 And "Mercyl" shrieks to heaven!  
 Men of Harlech, young and hoary,  
 Would you win a name in story?  
 Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
 Cumbria God, and Right!

—*William Duthie*

## HARP OF THE MOUNTAIN LAND

Harp of the mountain land! sound forth again  
 As when the forming Harp's horn was crowned  
 And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,  
 And the bright mead at Owun's feast went round  
 Wake with the spirit and the power of yore!  
 Harp of the ancient hills! be heard once more!

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Roman came  
 O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars  
 Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame,  
 The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores  
 All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—  
 Ring out, thou harp ! he could not silence thee.

The tones are not to cease ! The Saxon passed,  
 His banners floated on Eryri's gales,  
 But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,  
 E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales !  
 Thine was the voice that cheered the brave and  
     free,  
 They had their hills, then churlish hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw the valiant fall,  
 The rank weeds, gathering round the Cheftan's  
     board,  
 The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall—  
 Yet power was thine—a gift in every chord !  
 Call back that spirit to the days of peace,  
 Thou noble harp ! thy tones are not to cease !

—*Isabella Hemans*

## SCOTLAND—

### BANNOCKBURN

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled !  
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led !  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
     Or to victorie,

Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
 See the front o' battle lower,  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
     Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?

Wha can fill a coward's grave ?

Wha sae base as be a slave ?

Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's ling and law

Freedom's sword will strongly draw

Freeman stand, or freeman fa,'

Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes an' pains !

By our sons in servile chains !

We will drain our dearest veins !

But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !

Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe !

Liberty's in ev'ry blow !

Let us do or die !

—Robert Burns

## OH WHY LEFT I MY HAMT

Oh why left I my hame ?

Why did I cross the deep ?

Oh why left I the land

Where my forefathers sleep ?

I sigh for Scotia's shore,

And I gaze across the sea,

But I canna get a blink

O' my ain countrie

The palm-tree wavelh high

And frae the myrtle springs

And to the Indian maid

The bulbul sweetly sings

But I dinna see the broom,  
Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
Nor hear the linties' song  
O' my ain countrie

Oh here no sabbath bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn  
Nor sang of reapers heard  
Among the yellow corn  
For the tyrant's voice is here  
And the wail o' slavery  
But the sun o' freedom shines  
In my ain countrie

There's a hope for every woe,  
And a balm for every pain  
But the first joys of our heart  
Come never back again  
There's a track upon the deep,  
And a path across the sea  
But for me there's nae return  
To my ain countrie

—Robert Gilfillan

## IRI LAND—

### THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's  
going round?  
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish  
ground  
Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep his col-  
our can't be seen  
For there's a cruel law again the wearing of the

I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the  
 hand  
 And said he "How's poor auld Ireland and how  
 does she stand?"  
 She's the most distressful country that ever yet was  
 seen  
 They're hanging men and women there for wear-  
 ing of the green "  
 Then since the colour we must wear is England's  
 cruel red,  
 'Twill serve but to remind us of the blood that  
 has been shed,  
 You may take the shamrock from your hat and  
 cast it on the sod,  
 But never fear 'twill take root there, tho' under  
 foot 'tis tied.  
 When law can stop the blades of grass from grow-  
 ing as they grow, .  
 And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure  
 dare not show,  
 Then I will change the colour, that I wear in my  
 caubeen  
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing  
 of the green "

—*Irish Ballad, 1798.*

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## UNITY

Dawn is breaking o'er the hills,  
 Calling whilst her bosom thrills,  
 Calling to her sons "Unite "  
 Erin's heart awaits the light.

## SHE IS A RICH AND RARE LAND

She is a rich and rare land  
 O she s a fresh and fair land  
 She is a dear and rare land—  
 This native land of mine

No men than hers are braver—  
 Her women s hearts ne er waver  
 I d freely die to save her  
 And think my lot divine

She s not dull or a cold land  
 No she is a warm and bold land  
 O she s a true and old land—  
 This native land of mine

Could beauty ever guard her  
 And virtue still reward her  
 No foe would cross her border—  
 No friend within it pure

O she s a fresh and fair land  
 O she s a true and rare land  
 Yes she s a rare and fair land—  
 This native land of mine

—*Thomas Davis*

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 TEACH US HOW TO DIE

God we enter our last fight  
 Thou dost see our cause is right  
 Make us march now in Thy sight  
 On to victory



Let us not Thy wrath deserve  
In the sacred cause we serve,  
Let us not from danger swerve,  
Teach us how to die.  
Death for some is in reserve  
Before our flag can fly.

All the agony of years,  
All the horrors, all the fears,  
Martyrs' blood, survivors' tears,  
Now we offer Thee  
As an endless holocaust  
For the freedom we have lost.  
God restore it, tho' the cost  
Greater still must be,  
Let Thy grace attend our host,  
Give us victory.

That we may rejoice alive  
 In her victory;  
 We but ask that she shall thrive,  
 And rest our fate with Thee.

We know not what must befall  
 Marching at our country's call;  
 Make us strong who must yield all  
 That she may not die.  
 Those who will survive the fight,  
 Still attend them with Thy Light,  
 Thou our hope in darkest night,  
 Then our guardian be,  
 And hold our dear land in Thy sight  
 Erect, firm and free.

—Terence MacSwiney.

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## IRELAND.

T was the dream of a God,  
 And the mould of His hand,  
 That you shook 'neath His stroke,  
 That you trembled and broke  
 To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hold  
 A brown tumult of wings,  
 Till the wind on the sea  
 Bore the strange melody  
 Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,  
 You in purple and gold,  
 You in silver and green,  
 Till no eye that has seen  
 Without love can behold.

I have left you behind  
 In the path of the past  
 With the white breath of flowers  
 With the best of God's hours  
 I have left you at last

—Dora Sigerson Shorter

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## SONS OF ERIN

Away away with idle words  
 And supplications to the Throne!  
 Up up and boldly seize your own  
 I or th from the scabbards flash your swords  
 No people ever yet upsprung  
 From Slavery's night to Freedom's day  
 Who to the despot's mantle clang  
 And at his feet did whining pray

When Austria's chivalry elate  
 A numerous and valiant band  
 Marched on to rugged Switzerland  
 Its hardy sons to subjugate  
 Instead of mercy's prayer and plea  
 From terror stricken mountaineers  
 They hear defiance and they see  
 Intrepid men and flashing spears  
 And when Columbia's sons arose  
 And flung their banner to the breeze  
 With sword in hand they met their foes  
 And not with prayers on bended knees

Oh men! if freedom you would know  
 Make up your mind to fight and die!  
 Give prayers and pleadings to the sky  
 But blows and curses to the foe!

What fear you? Do you shrink from death  
 Man dies but once—the lord of slave—  
 What tomb so grand the heavens beneath  
 As Freedom's battle-grave.

Swear by the love you bear your land,  
 And by the hate you bear the foe,  
 And by long centuries of woe,  
 And by your martyred patriot band:  
 By widows' tears and orphans' moans,  
 And by each desecrated fane,  
 And by your brothers' countless bones,  
 In every clime across the main!

Swear by the calumnies and lies  
 The foe has heaped upon your name,  
 By all the agonies and sighs,  
 The insults and the bitter shame  
 You've borne for ages and still bear,  
 That you will rise in manly might,  
 Beneath your glorious banner bright,  
 Begirt with Freedom's battle brand,  
 To sweep the foeman from your land:  
 And that the blade you'll never sheath  
 Till you have won victor's wreath!

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## AUSTRALIA—

### NATIONAL ANTHEM

Maker of earth and sea,  
 What shall we render Thee?  
 All things are Thine!  
 Ours but from day to day  
 Still with one heart we pray  
 "God bless our land alway,"  
 This land of Thine.

Mighty in brotherhood  
 Mighty for God and good,  
 Let us be Thine  
 Here let the Nations see  
 Toil from the curse set free  
 Labor and Liberty,  
 One cause—and Thine

Here let glad plenty reign  
 Here let none seek in vain  
 Our help and Thine—  
 No heart for want of friend  
 Failure the timely end  
 But love forever blend  
 Man's cause and Thine

Here let Thy peace abide  
 Never may strife divide  
 This land of Thine  
 Let us united stand  
 One great Australian band  
 Heart to heart hand in hand  
 Heart and hand Thine

Strong to defend our right  
 Proud in all Nations' sight  
 Lowly in Thine—  
 One in all noble fame  
 Still be our path the same  
 Onward in Freedom's name  
 Upward in Thine

—*Herbert A. Stephens*

## THE WIDE BROWN LAND FOR ME

The love of field and coppice  
 of green and shaded lanes  
 Of ordered woods and gardens,  
 Is running in your veins  
 Strong love of grey blue distance  
 Brown streams and soft dim skies  
 I know but cannot share it  
 My love is otherwise

I love a sun burnt country,  
 A land of sweeping plains  
 Of ragged mountain ranges  
 Of droughts and flooding rains  
 I love her far horizons,  
 I love her jewel sea  
 Her beauty and her terror—  
 The wide brown land for me !

Core of my heart my country !  
 Her pitiless blue sky  
 When sick at heart around us  
 We see the cattle die—  
 But then the grey clouds gather  
 And we can bless again  
 The drumming of an army  
 The steady soak of rain

Core of my heart my country!  
 Land of the rainbow gold  
 I or flood and fire and famine  
 She pays us back threefold  
 Over the thirsty paddocks  
 Watch after many days  
 The filmy veil of greenness  
 That thickens as we gaze

An opal hearted country,  
 A wilful, lavish land—  
 All you who have not loved her,  
 You will not understand—  
 Though earth holds many splendours  
 Wherever I may die,  
 I know to what brown country  
 My homing thoughts will fly

—*Dorothea Mackellar*

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# CANADA—

## THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

In days of yore from Britain's shore,  
 Wolfe the dauntless hero came,  
 And planted firm Britannia's flag  
 On Canada's fair domain !  
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
 And joined in love together,  
 The 'Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

(chorus)

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 God save our King and Heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 The Maple Leaf our emblem dear,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 The Maple Leaf our emblem dear  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !  
 God save our King and Heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane  
 Our brave Fathers, side by side,  
 For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,  
 Firmly stood, and nobly died,  
 And those dear rights which they maintained  
 We swear to yield them never !  
 Our watchword evermore shall be,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

Our fair Dominion now extends  
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,  
 My peace forever be our lot,  
 And plentious store abound ,  
 And may those ties of love be ours  
 Which discord cannot sever ,  
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

On Merry England's far famed land  
 My kind Heaven sweetly smile ,  
 God bless Old Scotland evermore,  
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle !  
 Then swell the song both loud and long,  
 Till rocks and forest quiver,  
 God save our King and Heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

—Alexander Muir

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## CANADA OUR CANADA !

Hail ! stately country of our sires !  
 To Thee we light the altar fires,  
 Ne'er to be quenched till life expire.  
 Canada our Canada !



*Chorus—*

Canada, we hail Thee !  
Whoever may assail Thee,  
Never shall we fail Thee,  
Canada, our Canada !

Each true son's heart glows with the flame,  
Of patriot pride to see Thy name,  
Writ large upon the roll of fame,  
Canada, our Canada !

From East to St. Elias' towers,  
The cry comes through th' awakened hours—  
" Arise, assert Thy manhood's powers,  
Canada, our Canada !

" The time has come to take Thy place,  
Among the nations, face to face,  
Equal at last with ev'ry race, "  
Canada, our Canada !

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## GIVE ME MY NORTHERN HOME

I've wandered in the sunny South  
Beneath its purple skies ;  
And roamed through many a far-off land  
Where cloudless beauty lies ;  
I've breathed the balm of tropic eyes,  
Upon the Southern sea,  
And watched the glorious sunset form  
Its radiance far and free.

But give me still my Northern home,  
Her islands and her lakes ;  
And her forests old, where not a sound  
The tomb-like silence breaks

More lovely in her snowy dress,  
 Or in her vesture green  
 Than all the pride of Europe's land:  
 Or Asia's glittering sheen

I've basked beneath Italian suns  
 When flowers were in their bloom,  
 And I've wandered o'er the hills of Greece  
 By ruined shrine and tomb,  
 Oh sweet it was to gaze upon  
 The Arno's silver tide,  
 And dearer still the ruins grey  
 Of Athens' fallen pride

But dearer unto me that Lan I  
 Which the mighty waters lave,  
 Where the spreading maple's glorious hues  
 Are mirrored in the wave,  
 Where music from the dark old woods  
 Ascends to heaven's dome  
 Like angel hymns of peace and love  
 Around my Northern home

—John F. Mc Donnell

# NEW ZEALAND—

## CROWNED WITH IMMORTAL FAIR

God of nations at Thy feet  
 In the bonds of love we meet,  
 Hear our voices we entreat  
 God defend our free land!  
 Guard Pacific's triple star  
 From the shafts of strife and war  
 Make her praises heard afar  
 God defend New Zealand!

Let our love for Thee increase  
 May Thy blessings never cease  
 Give us plenty give us peace  
 God defend our free land!  
 I from dishonour and from shame  
 Guard our country's spotless name  
 Crown her with immortal fame  
 God defend New Zealand!

May our mountains ever be  
 Freedom's ramparts on the sea  
 Make us faithful unto Thee  
 God defend our free land!  
 Guide her in the nations van  
 Preaching love and truth to man  
 Working out thy glorious plan  
 God defend New Zealand!

—*Thomas Bracken*

#### *SOUTH AFRICA—*

#### THE CALL OF THE WILD

That siren has taught you to call us  
 There wind swept lands sigh for the rain?  
 Who gave you the fires to enthral us  
 O drought-stricken plain?  
 Ah but the clear light of dawnings!  
 Ah but the freedom its spell!  
 The limitless width of life's morning  
 The call of the Veld!

No land of your sons has bereft you  
 No magic can make them forget  
 For those who have loved you and left you  
 They dream of you yet

They dream of the brown and red grasses,  
 The homestead where once they have dwelt,  
 They hear on the wind as it passes  
 The call of the Veld.

And we who have seen of life's treasure,  
 And hunger of travel have known,  
 Have drunken our fill of its pleasure  
 Till weary we have grown ;  
 And then with the sob that comes after  
 The mirth, as our throbbing hearts melt,  
 We hear, above sound of our laughter,  
 The call of the Veld.

We yearn for the home when we we're tired,  
 Horizons where veld and sky meet,  
 To shake off the dust that mired  
 Our wandering feet  
 All wonder of love in new semblance,  
 Strange gods at whose alters we knelt,  
 Are naught when we call to remembrance  
 The god of the Veld.

Whose pathway is o'er the blue mountains,  
 Whose breath is the keen-scented air,  
 Whose storm clouds have hollowed the fountains,  
 And made the Veld fair,  
 To hunt us in joy or in weeping  
 Whichever our fate may have dealt,  
 To give us at last a long sleeping  
 Safe under the Veld !

—*Mary Byron*

## AUSTRIA--

## NATIONAL ANTHEM (old)

God preserve our gracious Emp'ror  
 Franz our sov'reign, great is he!  
 Wise as Ruler, deep in knowledge  
 Nations his renown may see!  
 Love entwines a crown of laurel  
 That shall all unfading be,  
 God preserve our gracious Emp'ror,  
 Franz our sov'reign great is he!

O'er a vast and mighty Empire  
 Rules our Sov'reign day by day  
 Though he wields a potent sceptre  
 All beneficent his sway!  
 From his shield his Sun of Justice  
 Ever casts its purest ray!  
 God preserve, etc.

To adorn himself with virtues  
 He, and all successful, tries  
 N'er against his loving people  
 Does his hand in anger rise!  
 No! to see them free and happy,  
 This he holds the highest prize  
 God preserve, etc.

Pioneer of perfect freedom  
 Blessings round his footsteps cling!  
 To its pinnacle of greatness  
 Soon may he his country bring!  
 And when death at last approaches  
 Shall his grateful people sing  
 God preserve etc.

--*Ledit* (Translated by Edward Oxenford)

## MY HOMELAND (new anthem)

The Danube flows athwart thee, little land  
 Like a blue ribbon traceth he his line  
 Southward the Alpine peaks, thy guardians stand,  
 Thou hold'st my heart, O little land of mine  
 And varied sights thou hast to greet the eye—  
 The mountains—peak, and precipice, and pass—  
 The shadows off the river rippling by,  
 The water meadows with their verdant grass

—*Michael Haunish*

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 BEFUGIUM—

## THE BRABANCONNE

Fled the years of servile shame'  
 Belgium 'tis thy hour at last  
 Wear again thy glorious name  
 Spread thy banner on the blast  
 Sovereign people in thy might,  
 Steadfast yet and valiant be,  
 On thine ancient standard write  
 King and Law and Liberty  
 Chorus—

On thine ancient standard write  
 King and Law and Liberty  
 King and Law and Liberty,  
 King and Law and Liberty

Strive nor seek discharge at length,  
 Hold thy courage as thy crown  
 God, Who keeps thee in His strength  
 On thy labours smileth down  
 Over all thy fruitful land  
 Labour's prize is full and free

On thine arts enthroned stand,  
 King and Law and Liberty  
 On thine ancient standard write etc

Foes that were our friends of old  
 Are returned to love at last  
 All the free we prize as gold  
 Praying that our strife be past  
 Belgians and Batavians' friends  
 Knit in brotherhood shall be  
 With one voice the shout ascends  
 King and Law and Liberty  
 On thine ancient standard write etc

Belgium, Mother thus we vow,  
 Never shall our love abate  
 Thou our hope our safety thou  
 Hearts and blood we consecrate  
 Grave we pray upon thy shield  
 This device eternally  
 Weal or woe at home and field  
 King and Law and Liberty  
 On thine ancient standard write etc.  
 --Jenner 11

## CHINA—

### HIN YUN GUIDE US!

Freedom one of the greatest blessings of  
 Heaven  
 United to peace thou wilt work on this Earth  
 Ten thousand wonderful new things  
 Grave as a spirit great as a giant  
 Rising to the very skies

With clouds for a chariot and wind for a steed,  
 Come, come to reign over this Earth  
 For the sake of the black hell of our Slavery,  
 Come, enlighten us with a ray of thy Sun

White Europe Thou art indeed  
 The spoiled daughter of Heaven  
 Bread, wine--thou hast everything in abundance  
 For, me, I love Liberty as a bride,  
 Through the day in my thoughts, through the night  
 in my dreams ~

I survey the woes of my Fatherland  
 But the inconstant nature of Liberty  
 Prevents me from attaining her,  
 Alas!--my brethren are all slaves  
 The wind is so sweet, the dew is so bright,  
 The flowers are so fragrant,  
 Men are becoming all Kings---  
 And yet can we forget what the people are suffering?

At Peking we must bow our head  
 Before the wolf of an Emperor  
 Alas!--Freedom is dead  
 Asia the Great is nothing else  
 But an immense desert

In this century we are working  
 To open a new age,  
 In this century, with one voice, all virile men  
 Are calling for a new making of Heaven and  
 Earth  
 May the soul of the people rise to the peak of  
 Kwangtung and Himalayas.



Washington and Napoleon    you two sons of  
 Liberty,  
 May you become incarnated    in the people of  
 Asia.  
 Hmyun, our ancestor, guide us,  
 Spirit of Freedom, come and protect us

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## CZECHOSLOVAKIA—

### CZECH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Where is my home?    Where is my home?  
 Where through meadows rush babbling foun-  
 tains  
 And the forest murmurs stir through the mount-  
 ains,  
 Orchards gay, in spring's device.,  
 Everywhere 'tis paradise.  
 And this land so fair and beautiful  
 Is the Czech land, is my home  
 Is the Czech land, is my home

### SLOVAK NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Lightens the Tatra with thunder, the heights are  
 shaken,  
 Lightens the Tatra with thunder, the heights are  
 shaken  
 Stand fast my brothers, death take the others,  
 Slovaks shall awaken.  
 Stand fast my brothers, death take the others  
 Slovaks shall awaken

## DENMARK—

## DANISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

King Christian stood by the lofty mast  
 In mist and smoke  
 His sword was hammering so fast,  
 Through Gothic helm and brain it passed,  
 Then sank each hostile bulk and mast  
 In mist and smoke  
 ' Fly ! ' shouted they, ' fly, he who can !  
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian  
 The stroke ? '

Neils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar  
 Now is the hour !  
 He hoisted his blood red flag once more,  
 And smote upon the foe full sore,  
 And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,  
 " Now is the hour ! "  
 " Fly ! " shouted they, " for shelter fly !  
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
 The power ? "

North Sea ! a glimpse of vessel rent  
 Thy murky sky !  
 Then champions to thine arms we sent  
 Terror and Death glared where he went,  
 From the waves was heard a wail that rent  
 Thy murky sky !  
 From Denmark thunders Tordenskiold  
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul  
 And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !  
 Dark rolling wave !  
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
 Goes to meet danger with despite,

Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
     Dark rolling wave !  
 And amid pleasure and alarms,  
 And war and victory, be thine arms,  
     My grave.

. — *Johan Hartman*  
 ( Translated by Longfellow )

---

### MARCHING SONG

Come, comrades, to arms ! See the lightnings are  
     flashing,  
 The storm-clouds above us in thunder are crashing,  
     And dark is the East where the sunrise was  
   bright.  
 Rise up, ye oppressed, from your dens and alleys ;  
 Come forth, men of toil, from your hilly and your  
   valleys ;  
 Break tyranny down, 'tis for Freedom we fight.

## FINLAND—

## FINNISH NATIONAL SONG

Sons of a race whose blood was shed  
 On Narva's field, on Poland's sand,  
 At Leipzig, Lutzen's dark hills under,  
 Not yet is Finland's manhood dead,  
 With foemen's blood a field may still be tinted red  
 All rest, all peace, away, begone!  
 The tempest loosens, lightnings flash,  
 And o'er the field the cannon thunder  
 Rank upon rank, march on! march on!  
 The spirit of each father brave looks on as brave  
 A son

No nobler aim  
 Could light us to the field,  
 Our swords are aflame;  
 Nor new our blood to yield,  
 Forward each man so brave and bold!  
 Lo! the glorious path of freedom centuries old!  
 Gleam high! thou banner vict'ry sealed  
 In the grey by—gone days, long since all battle  
 worn  
 Be still our splendid colours onward borne,  
 Of Finland's ancient Standard there's yet a shred  
 untorn

Nay, never shall our father's ground  
 Be rest by force from out the arms  
 Of soldiers who have never bled,  
 O nay, never shall the word go round  
 That I run to their free northern home were traitors found

Brave men can only do or die  
 Not backward turn at danger's threat  
 Nor shrink, nor quail nor bow the head!  
 Be ours the warriors' fortune high  
 To fall — we only raise a prayer for one last  
 victory

Take sword in hand!  
 Rush gladly on the foe!  
 And die for our land  
 So honour's life shall grow  
 Untiring plunge from fray to fray  
 The present is ours — 'tis now the harvest day  
*Thinned ranks as splendid witness show*  
 To valour's daring deeds our land that save and  
 ward  
 On with the flag that never battle seered  
 Around the staff still gathers close its faithful  
 guard

FRANCE—

### THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France awake to glory,  
 Hark hark, what myriads bid you rise  
 Your children wives and grandsires hoary  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
 Shall hateful tyrants mischief breed  
 With hireling hosts a rushing band  
 Affright and desolate the land  
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?  
*Refrain*

Now, now the danger is scowling  
 Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise,  
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
 And, lo! our fields and cities blaze  
 And shall we basely view the ruin,  
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
 Spreads desolation far and wide,  
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?  
 To arms, etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
 To mite and vend the light and air  
 Like beasts of burden would they load us—  
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore—  
 But man is man—and who is more?  
 Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?  
 To arms, etc.

O Liberty! can man resign thee?  
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?  
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—  
 But freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing,  
 To arms, etc.

—Rouget de Lisle

### ALL HONOUR AND PRAISE,

Queen of the universe! France, my own land!  
 Lift once again thy brow, covered with scars  
 In their glory all spotless thy children can stand  
 Though thy banner be shivered in

Brave men can only do or die  
 Not backward turn at danger's threat,  
 Nor shrink, nor quail nor bow the head!  
 Be ours the warriors' fortune high  
 To fall — we only raise a prayer for one last  
victory

Take sword in hand!  
 Rush gladly on the foe!  
 And die for our land  
 So honour's life shall grow  
 Untiring plunge from fray to fray  
 The present is ours—'tis now the latest day  
 Thinned ranks as splendid witness show  
 To valour's daring deeds our land that save and  
ward  
 On with the flag that never battle seced  
 Around the staff still gathers close its Finnish  
guard

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FRANCE—

### THE MARSEILLAISE

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 Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise  
 Your children wives and grandsires hoary  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
 Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding  
 With hireling hosts a Russian band  
 Affright and desolate the land  
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

#### *Refrain*

To arms to arms ye brave!  
 The avenging sword unsheath!  
 March on march on! all hearts resolved  
 On victory or death

Now, now the danger is scowling  
 Which treacherous kings confederate, raise,  
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
 And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.  
 And shall we basely view the ruin,  
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
 Spreads desolation far and wide,  
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?  
 To arms, etc

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 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
 To mete and vend the light and air  
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 But freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing,  
 To arms, etc

•

—*Rouget de Lisle*

### ALL HONOUR AND PRAISE,

Queen of the universe! France, my own land!  
 Lift once again thy brow, covered with scars  
 In their glory all spotless thy children can stand,  
 Though thy banner be shivered in murderous wars



They stand, a hundred thousand strong,  
Quick to avenge their country's wrong !  
With firm love their bosoms swell,  
They'll guard the sacred landmark well !

The deed of a heroic race  
From heaven look down and meet their gaze ,  
They swear with dauntless heart, " O Rhine,  
Be German as this breast of mine !"

While flows one drop of German blood,  
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,  
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—  
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand !

Our oath resounds, the river flows,  
In golden light our banner glows ,  
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine !

—*May Schneckenburger.*

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GRELCE—

## THE EXILE

I flung wide the window—nor sadder could I be  
I fell on my knees, there, before it  
And sweet was the breath of the dark lilac tree  
On my face as the vernal night bore it

The nightingale sang in the distance a song  
With a sorrow deep brooding I listened ,  
For my country I sighed,—for the land I'd left long  
My eyes with the rising tear glistened

Where my nightingale sings a sweet song of her own  
 And of all earthly sorrows unwilling  
 Pours forth her soft lay till the summer night's flown  
 'Neath the boughs of her lilac tree sitting

*K R (H. I H Grand Prince  
 Constantine Constantinovich)*

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## HUNGARY—

### THE MAGYAR HYMN

With Thy mercies, I ather, crown  
 Hungary's fair and fertile land  
 Shield and prosper arts of peace  
 Bid unholy strife to cease,  
 Eastern, Western Europe meet  
 As we now each other greet.

When the foemen round her frown  
 Guard her with Thy mighty hand!  
 Blend the Magyar, Slav and Pole  
 Into one harmonious whole  
 Magyar people and our own  
 Linked in loving bonds are shown



## ITALY—

### THE GARIBALDI HYMN

Come arm ye! Come arm ye!  
From vineyards of olives from grapemantled  
bowers

Where landscapes are hushing in mazes of flowers  
From mountains all lighted by sapphire and amber  
From cities of marble from Temples and Ports

Arise all ye valiants! your manhood proclaiming  
While thunders are meeting and sabers are flaming  
For Honour, for Glory the bugles are sounding  
To quicken your pulses and gladden your hearts

Then hurl our fierce foemen far from us for ever  
The day is dawning  
The day is dawning which shall be our own

Too long cruel tyrants have trampled us under  
The chains they have forged us are riven under  
The Scions of Italy rise in defiance  
Her flag nobly flutters where breezes are kind

To landward and seaward the foe shall be broken  
Where heroes have gathered where martyrs have  
spoken

And Italy's Throne shall be rooted in Freedom  
Whilst Monarch and people are all of one mind

Then hurl our fierce foemen etc

## JAPAN—

## NATIONAL ANTHEM,

Through countless ages yet unborn,  
 Still may our Lord's dominion last,  
 Till by each streamlet, water worn  
 The tiny pebbles that each morn  
 Scarce in the sunlight shadows cast,  
 Grow into boulders, mossy, vast!

## JEWISH SONG—

## HOMeward

A Jewish land! a Jewish home!  
 No longer all wide world to roam,  
 No longer all the earth to tramp  
 No longer bear the servile stamp  
 No longer hide my Jewish face,  
 For fear of torture and disgrace  
 No more expose my soul for sale  
 And buy the air that I inhale

Two thousand years pursued and wronged,  
 My forebears hoped and pined and longed  
 And every day three times did pray  
 That God might send Redemption day

A Jewish home! A Jewish land!  
 Still fleet of foot, still strong of hand,  
 We answer, mother, to thy call  
 We come, we come, thy children all  
 From North and South and West we hail  
 To build thy town, to plant thy vale  
 Thy wounds to heal, thy shame to drive  
 That you and we at length revive  
 From exile lands we speed to thee,  
 Once more a people, brave and Free

—P. M. Raskin.



Dearest of lands with thy mountains of beauty,  
 Fertile thy valleys and teeming thy shore !  
 Faith and devotion to thee is our duty,  
 Gladly our life blood for thee we will pour,  
 Stand thou unwearing, fame ever bearing,  
 Free as the tempest that roars on the hull,  
 And while thy coast meets the billow un-  
     sparing,  
 Fortune and Fame be thy heritage still

*Henr Ank Bjerregaard*  
 (Translated by W A Craigie)

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## THIS NORWAY

This Norway, this Norway.....  
 It is dear to us, so dear,  
 And no people has a fairer land than this our  
     homeland here,  
 Oh the shepherding in spring  
 When the birds begin to sing,  
 When the mountain peak glitters and green grows  
     the lea  
 And the turbulent river sweeps brown to the sea...  
 Who knows Norway must well understand,  
 How her sons can suffer for such a land

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RUSSIA—

## GOD THE ALL-TERRIBLE

God the All-terrible ! King who ordainest  
 Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword  
 Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest  
 Give us peace in our time, O Lord !

Nay! but I love ( why I cannot say )  
 Her cold steppes in their silent majesty,  
 Her waving woodlands in their boundless play,  
 Her flooded rivers spreading like the sea  
 I love to drive adown her country lanes  
 With longing glance piercing the shades of night  
 Sighing for rest, to catch thro' distant panes  
 The glimmering of some mournful village light

I love to see the smoke of smouldering stall  
 To watch the waggons o'er the wide waste wend,  
 Or on hillside, 'mid yellowing fields to mark  
 The pair of birch trees their white arms extend  
 With a delight unknown except to few,  
 Love I to note the well-filled threshing-floor,  
 The peasant's hut, half-hidden in the straw  
 Shutters with quaint carvings covered o'er,  
 And with no less delight, on holiday,  
 From dewy eve till noon of night, to gaze  
 Upon the dance, with stamp and whistling gay  
 Amid the roar the merry rustics rise

—*Ler Montof*

SERBIA—

## MEN OF SERBIA

Up and arise for King and country! Men of Serbia  
 rise as one!  
 Freedom calls you, nought enthralls you, up and  
 arise ere dawns the morning sun!  
 Thro' long night of past endeavour ye have proven  
 gallant men and true!  
 Up and onward to the battle! Swords are flashing  
 cannons crashing!



Up and onward to the battle! Men of Serbia rise  
as one!  
Up and arise ere dawns the sun! Rise as one!

## SERBIA'S KING AND SERBIA'S LAND

God! who in by-gones has served us Thy people,  
Great King of Justice hear us this day;  
While for our country,—for Serbia's salvation  
We, with devotion, unceasing pray.

Onward! Forward! Lead us ever,  
Out of shadow into light,  
Till our ship of State be anchored  
*Through the mercy of Thy might:*

Till our foes be spent and scattered  
In the fulness of the Light,  
Serbia's King and Serbia's land, guard for ever-  
more



And love and friendship pour to you  
 Across the darkened doors,  
 Even as round your galleys beds  
 My free music pours

The heavy hanging chains will fall,  
 The walls will crumble with a word,  
 And Freedom greet you in the light,  
 And brothers give you back the sword  
 —*Pushkin* (Translated by Max Eastman)

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# SWEDEN—

## THOU ANCIENT, THOU GLORIOUS, THOU ALP CROWNED NORTH

Thou ancient, thou glorious thou alpcrowned North,  
 Where freeborn and happy hearts are beating!  
 We hail thee, thou fairest of lands on the Earth,  
 Thy sun thy skies, thy flow'ry valleys, greeting  
 How proudly we dwell on thy great deeds of yore,  
 What time thy name was famed in story,  
 Thy sons still are valiant and brave as before,  
 In thee I'll live and die, thou land of glory!

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## TO US THERE IS NO FAIRER SPOT

Our land, our land, our native land,  
 Ring high O word of cheer!  
 No hills by heaven's rim that stand,  
 No gentle dales or forming strand,  
 Are loved more than our northland here,  
 The earth our sires held dear.

Thee the highest King of might  
 Lord of Light!  
 When each Alp its glow displayeth  
 Then the free born Switzer prayeth,  
 Doth perceive and understand  
 God Revealed in Fatherland

Thou dost come mid misty shroud  
 Thee I seek in sea of cloud  
 Thine begotten Lord of might  
 Infinite!

When from shadow vapour springing  
 Breaks the sun its glory shining  
 I perceive and understand  
 God revealed in Fatherland

When the storm strikes hill and field  
 Thou Thyself art rock and field  
 Thou Almighty Governor  
 Ever sure  
 In the stormy night of sorrow  
 We like children faith will borrow  
 Still perceive and understand  
 God revealed in Fatherland

—A Zwysig

UKRAINA—

SHALL I SEE MY DEAR LAND?

I care not shall I see my dear  
 Own land before I die or no  
 Nor who forgets me buried here  
 In desert wastes of alien snow  
 Though all forget me better so

A slave from my first bitter years,  
 Most surely I shall die a slave  
 Ungraced of any kinsmen's tears;  
 And carry with me to my grave  
 Everything, and I leave no trace,  
 No little mark to keep my place  
 In the dear lost Ukraina  
 Which is not ours, though our land  
 And none shall ever understand;  
 No father to his son shall say:  
 "Kneel down and fold your hands and pray,  
 He died for our Ukraina."  
 I care no longer if the child  
 Shall pray for me or pass me by,  
 One only thing I cannot bear:  
 To know my land, that was beguiled  
 Into a death-trap with a lie,  
 Trampled and ruined and defiled  
 Ah, but I care, dear God; I care!

—T. Shevchenko



And the rocket's red glare the shells bursting in air  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still  
there  
Oh! say does that star spangled banner yet  
wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep  
There the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows now conceals now discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam  
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream  
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's con-  
fusion  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-  
step's pollution  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave!

Rise, ye patriots, rise once more,  
 For your rights and for your shore !  
     Let no rude foe with impious hands,  
     Let no rude foe with impious hands,  
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
 Of toil and blood the well earned prize !  
     While off'ring peace sincere and just,  
     In heav'n we place a manly trust,  
     That truth and justice may prevail,  
     And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail

Sound, O sound the trump of fame !  
 And let Washington's great name,  
     Ring thro' the world with loud applause,  
     Ring thro' the world with loud applause,  
 I et ev'ry clime to freedom dear,  
 Come listen with a joyful ear  
     With equal skill, with steady pow'r,  
     He governs in the fearful hour  
     Of horrid war, or guides with ease  
     The happier time of honest peace

See the chief who now commands,  
 Still to serve his country stands  
     The rock on which the storm will beat,  
     The rock on which the storm will beat,  
 But arm'd in virtue firm and true  
 His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you  
     When hope was sinking in dismay  
     When gloom obscur'd Columbia's day,  
     His steady mind, from changes free,  
     Resolved on death or liberty

## SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet Land of Liberty,  
     Of thee I sing ,  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountain side  
     Let freedom ring

My native country, thee,  
 Land of the noble free,  
     Thy name I love ,  
 I love thy rocks and rills  
 Thy woods and templed hills,  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
     Like that above,

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
     Sweet freedom's song .  
 Let mortal tongues awake .  
 Let all that breathe partake .  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
     The sound prolong

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
 Author of Liberty,  
     To Thee we sing ,  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With Freedom's holy light ,  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
     Great God, our King

Beneath Heaven's gracious will  
 The star of progress still  
     Our course doth sway ,

In unity sublime  
 To broader heights we climb,  
 Triumphant over Time,  
     God speeds our way !

Grand birthright of our sires,  
 Our altars and our fires  
     Keep we still pure !  
 Our starry flag unfurled,  
 The hope of all the world,  
 In Peace and Light impearled,  
     God hold secure !

—*Samuel Francis Smith*

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## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
     Lord  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
     of wrath are stored  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightening of His terri-  
     ble swift sword  
     His truth is marching on

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
     call retreat ,  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
     judgment seat  
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,  
     my feet !  
     Our God is marching on



## THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height  
     Unfurled her standard to the air,  
 She tore the azure robe of night  
     And set the stars of glory there  
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
 The milky baldric of the skies,  
 And stripped its pure celestial white  
 With streakings of the morning light.  
 Flag of the free heart's hope and home !  
     By angel hands to valour given !  
 Thy stars have lit the well-in dome,  
     And all thy hues were born in heaven  
 Forever float that standard sheet !  
     Where breathes the foe but falls before us  
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
     And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?  
—J R Drake

---

## THE WEST INDIES—

## THE ISLANDS BELOVED OF THE SEA SUN

In waters of purple and gold  
     Lie the islands beloved of the sun  
     And he touches them one by one  
 As the beads of a rosary told,  
     When the glow of the dawn has begun  
 And when to Eternity's fold  
     Time gathers the day that is done  
 No rosary ! Isles of the West,  
     Isles Antillean agleam,  
 But a necklace strung out on the breast  
     Of the sea breathing low in a dream,  
 In the trance of a passionate rest,  
     A rainbow afloat in its stream

who am to turn my country into a garden budding  
with flowers I am warm with the warmth of my  
heart for the King just as the King is warm with  
the love for his land

I am a soldier and it is a shame for me to fly  
from the battle field. To fight is my profession  
and occupation Here am I a soldier ready to  
sacrifice my head and life

My religion is to avenge myself on my enemy  
The Law I obey is the love of my country. I am  
a soldier and on the battle field lions turn to foxes  
before my charge

—(Translated by Rustam Khomeini Iran)



Mind not the old man beseeching the young man  
 Let not the child's voice be heard nor mother's  
 entreaties

Make even the trestles to shake the dead where  
 they lie awaiting the hearses  
 So strong you thump you terrible drums—so loud  
 you bugles blow

—*Wall Whitman*

## FORWARD THE DAY IS BREAKING

Forward! the day is breaking  
 Earth shall be dark no more  
 Millions of men are waking  
 On every sea and shore  
 With trumpets and with banners  
 The world is marching on  
 The air rings with hosannas  
 The field is fought and won

Forward! the world before us  
 Listens to hear our tread  
 And the calm heavens o'er us  
 Smile blessings on our head  
 Hope like an eagle hovers  
 Above the way we go  
 The shield of patience covers  
 Our hearts from every foe

Forward! is nearer and nearer  
 Draw we unto our rest  
 Joyous the light shines clearer  
 In every faithful breast

The past hath ceased to bind us,  
 Its chains are hurled away;  
 The deepest gloom behind us  
 Melts in the dawn of day

—Anon.

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### HOPE FOR THE ENSLAVED.

Ye who in bondage pine,  
 Shut out from light divine,  
 Bereft of hope:  
 Whose limbs are worn with chains,  
 Whose tears bedew our plains,  
 Whose blood our glory stains,  
 In gloom who grope.—

Shout! for the hour draws nigh,  
 That gives you liberty!  
 And from the dust,  
 So long your vile embrace,  
 Uprising, take your place  
 Among earth's noblest race—  
 'Tis right and just!

The night, the long, long night  
 Of infamy and slight,  
 Shame and disgrace,  
 And slavery, worse than e'er  
 Rome's serfs were doomed to be it,  
 Bloody beyond compare,  
 Recedes apace!

Lorn Africa, once more,  
 As proudly as of yore,  
 Shall yet be seen

Foremost of all the earth  
 In learning, beauty, worth—  
 By dignity of birth,  
 A peerless queen!

Speed, speed the hour, O Lord!  
 Speak, and at thy dread word,  
 Fetters shall fall  
 From every limb—the strong  
 No more the weak shall wrong  
 But Liberty's sweet song  
 Be sung by all!

—*William Lloyd Garrison*

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## HYMN OF THE LABOURERS

Oh, God, who by Thy Prophet's hand  
 Didst smite the rocky brake,  
 Whence water came, at Thy command  
 Thy people's thirst to slake  
 Strike, now, upon this granite wall,  
 Stern, obdurate, and high,  
 And let some drops of pity fall  
 For us who starve and die

The God, who took a little child  
 And set him in the midst,  
 And promised him His mercy mild  
 As by Thy Son Thou didst  
 Look down upon our children dear,  
 So gaunt, so cold, so spare,  
 And let their images appear  
 Where Lords and Gentry are!

Oh, God, teach them to feel how we  
 When our poor infants droop,  
 Are weakened in our trust in Thee,  
 And how our spirits stoop,  
 For in Thy rest, so bright and fair  
 All tears and sorrows sleep  
 And their young looks, so full of care,  
 Would make Thine Angels weep!

The God who with His finger drew,  
 The judgment coming on,  
 Write, for these men, what must ensue  
 Ere many years be gone  
 Oh, God, Whose bow is in the sky  
 Let them not brave and dare  
 Until they look (too late) on high,  
 And see an Arrow there!

Oh, God, remind them! In the bread  
 They break upon the knee,  
 These sacred words may yet be read  
 "In memory of me!"  
 Oh, God, remind them of His sweet  
 Compassion for the poor,  
 And how He gave them bread to eat  
 And went from door to door!

—*Charles Dickens*



## THE INTERNATIONAL

Arise ye wretched of all regions!  
 Arise all bound in hunger's chain!  
 Now reason stirs the worker's legions,  
 For lo! the end draws on again!

Away with wreckage of past nations!  
 Enslaved crowd rise at the call!  
 The world shall change from its foundations  
 We that are nothing shall be all

*Chorus*

The call to arms has sounded!  
 Close ranks the foe to face!  
 The Workers' International  
 Shall be the human race

We ask no aid from Gods or Cæsars  
 From haloed savior or from king  
 For we 'tis we, the world's producers  
 Who to our own selves help must bring  
 To free the spirit from the prison  
 To make the thief his gains disgorge,  
 With mighty strokes we'll strike the iron  
 Just taken glowing from our forge

*Chorus*

The law supports the state's oppressions  
 • Whilst endless taxes bleed us white  
 An empty word the richman's duty  
 And empty word the poor man's right  
 Too long too long we've pined in wardship  
 Equality seeks other lights,  
 For duties should attach to lordship  
 While duty is odious without rights

*Chorus*

How hideous they seem in their splendour,  
 These barons of mine and of rail  
 Whose sole art has been but to plunder  
 The workers who suffer and toil

What is ours to them we've been handing  
 Labour's fruit should to labour accrue  
 A full restitution demanding,  
 The people ask naught, but what's due.

*Chorus*

March onward, O, army of the toilers  
 Of all who work for daily bread!  
 We'll give short shrift to the despoilers  
 Let them in the realm of the dead!  
 On our flesh have these ever been feeding  
 Birds of prey since the dawning of days  
 Should they vanish the sun, unheeding  
 In reckless splendour still will blaze

*Chorus*

—(Translated by C E Paul)

## THE LABOURING POOR

God help the labouring poor  
 Increase their frugal store  
 God save the poor  
 Long through oppression's night  
 Have they thought might was right  
 Now with the waking light  
 God rouse the poor,  
 Cold, hunger, toil and pain  
 Have been their only gain  
 God help Thy poor  
 Teach them that kindly earth  
 Bringeth her fruits to birth  
 First for her men of worth  
 —Her toiling poor



Teach them to claim their own  
 —Garner the grain they've grown  
     For all Thy poor  
 Now in the dawning day  
 Bid them join hands and say  
     With a more perfect way  
     Needs be no poor

—H L in the 'Clarion'

## LIFT UP THE PEOPLE'S BANNER

Lift up the people's banner  
     Now rising from the dust  
 A million hands are ready  
     To guard the sacred trust  
 With steps that never falter  
     And hearts that grow more strong  
 Till victory ends our warfare  
     We sternly march along

Through ages of oppression  
     We bore a heavy load  
 While others reaped the harvest  
     From seeds the people sowed  
 Down in the earth we burrowed  
     Or fed the furnace heats  
 We felled the mighty forests  
     We built the mighty fleets

But after bitter ages  
     Of hunger and despair  
 The slave has snapped his fetters  
     And bids his foes beware  
 We will be slaves no longer  
     The nations soon shall know

That all who live must labour,  
And all who reap must sow.

So on we march to battle,  
With soul that shall not rest  
Until the world God gave us  
Is by the world possessed,  
And filled with perfect manhood,  
In beauty it shall move—  
One heart, one home, one nation,  
Whose king and lord is love.

—*Joseph Whittaker.*

---

### MARCH OF THE WOMEN.

Shout, shout up with your song!  
Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking.  
March, march, swing you along!  
Wide blows our banner and hope is waking.  
Song with its story, dreams with their glory,  
Lo, they call, and glad is their word  
Forward I hark how it swells,  
Thunder of freedom, the voice of the lord!

Long, long, we in the past  
Covered in dread from the light of heaven  
Strong, strong stand we at last,  
Fearless in faith and with sight new given,  
Strength with its beauty, life with its duty  
(Hear the voice, O hear and obey),  
These, these beckon us on,  
Open your eyes to the blaze of day!

Comrades, ye who have dared,  
First in the battle to strive and sorrow,

Scorned, spurned, naught have ye cared,  
 Raising your eyes to a wider morrow  
 Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,  
 Toil and pain, by faith have ye borne  
 Hail, hail, victors we stand  
 Waring the wreath that the brave have worn.

Life, strife, these two are one!  
 Naught can ye win but by faith and daring  
 On, on, that ye have done,  
 But for the work of today prepare  
 Firm in reliance laugh in defiance  
 (Laugh in hope, for sure is the end)  
 March, march, many as one  
 Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend!

—*Ethel Smyth.*

---

## MARCH OF THE WORKERS

What is this, the sound and rumour  
 What is this that all men hear,  
 Like the wind in hollow valleys  
 When the storm is driving near  
 Like the rolling on of ocean  
 In the eventide of fear?  
 'Tis the people marching on  
 Wither go they, and whence come they?  
 What are these of whom ye tell?  
 In what country are they dwelling  
 Twist the gates of heav'n and hell?  
 Are they mine or thine for money?  
 Will they serve a master well?  
 Still the rumour's marching on

Chorus—

Hail ! the rolling of the thunder !  
Lo the sun ! and lo thereunder  
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder  
And the host comes marching on

For they come from grief and torment  
On they wend t'ward health and mirth  
All the wide world is their dwelling  
Every corner of the earth  
Buy them sell them for thy service!  
Try the bargain what tis worth  
For the days are marching on  
These are they who build thy houses  
Weave thy rument win thy wheat  
Smooth the rugged fill the barren  
Turn the bitter into sweet  
All for thee this day—and ever  
What reward for them is meet  
Till the host comes marching on ?  
Chorus Hark etc

Many a hundred years passed over  
Have they laboured deaf and blind  
Never tidings reached their sorrow  
Never hope their tul might find  
Now at last they ve heard and hear it  
And the cry comes down the wind  
And their feet are marching on  
O ye rich men hear and tremble!  
For with words the so and is rise  
Once for you and death we laboured!  
Changed henceforward is the strife  
We are men and we shall battle  
For the world of men and life  
And our lost is marching on '  
Chorus Hark etc

"Is it war, then? Will ye perish  
 As the dry wood in the fire.  
 Is it peace? Then be ye of us,  
 Let your hope be our desire.  
 Come and live! for life awaketh,  
 And the world shall never tire;  
 And the hope is marching on."

"On we march, then, we the workers,  
 And the rumour that ye hear  
 Is the blended sound of battle  
 And deliverance drawing near,  
 For the hope of every creature  
 Is the banner that we bear,  
 And the world is marching on."

Chorus, Hark, etc.

—William Morris.

## A MARCHING SONG OF YOUTH.

(TUNE, LA MARSEILLAISE).

Whose feet are those upon the mountains  
 Like dawn earth's darkened vales above?  
 Whose eyes are those like burning fountains  
 Of courage, purity and love? (*Repeat.*)

Thus, this is Youth, whom every Nation  
 Awaits to right its ancient wrong,  
 And tune the hearts of men to song  
 Of brotherhood that brings salvation,  
 (*Single voice*) Arise!

(Boys) We hear thy call!

(*Single voice*) Arise!

(Girls) We answer all!

(*All*) We march beneath thy flag unfurled—

• Youth shall reshape the world "

—J. H. COUSH.

## ONWARD BROTHERS

Onward brothers march still onward  
 Side by side and hand in hand  
 Ye are bound for man's true kingdom  
 Ye are an increasing band  
 Though the way seem often doubtful  
 Hard the toil ye may endure  
 Though at times your courage falter  
 Yet the promised land is sure  
 Olden sages saw it dimly  
 And their joy to rapture wrought  
 I winged men have gazed upon it  
 Standing on the hills of thought  
 All the past has done and suffered  
 All the daring and the strife  
 All has helped to mould the future  
 Make man master of his life  
 Still brave deeds and kind are needed  
 Noble thoughts and feelings far  
 Ye too must be strong and suffer  
 Ye too have to do and dare  
 Onward brothers, march still onward  
 March still onward hand in hand  
 Till ye see at last man's kingdom  
 Till ye reach the promised land  
—Hazelick Ellis

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THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they,  
 Let them not pass, like weeds away—  
 Their heritage a sunless day!

God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,  
 Strength aiding still the strong?  
 Is it Thy will, O Father,  
 That man shall toil for wrong?  
 "No!" say Thy mountains, "No!" Thy skies  
 "Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
 And songs be heard instead of sighs!"

God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?

O God of mercy! when?

The people, Lord, the people!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!

God save the people! Thine they are,

Thy children as Thine angels fair

Save from bondage and despair!

God save the people!

—*Leone or Elliott*

## THE RED FLAG,

The people's flag is deepest red  
 It shrouded oft our martyred dead,  
 And ere their limbs grew stiff or cold,  
 Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold

*Chorus—*

Then raise the scarlet standard high!  
 Within its shade we'll live and die  
 I hough cowards flinch or traitors sneer,  
 We'll keep the Red Flag flying here

Look round the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells the surging throng.

*Chorus, Then raise, etc.*

It waved above our infant might,  
When all ahead seemed dark as night,  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,—  
We must not change its colour now.

*Chorus, Then raise, etc*

It well recalls the triumphs past  
It gives the hope of peace at last  
The banner bright, the symbol plain,  
Of human right and human gain

*Chorus, Then raise, etc*

It suits to-day the weak and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on self and place,  
To cringe before the rich man's frown  
And hurl the sacred emblem down

*Chorus, Then raise, etc*

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall,  
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

*Chorus, Then raise, etc.*

—E. J. Connell.



## SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And but for you possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making  
Comes silent flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes comes in the light  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly  
But westward, look! the land is bright  
—*Arthur Hugh Clough*

## SAY NOT THEY DIE

Say not they die, those martyr souls  
Whose life is wing'd with purpose fine,  
Who leaves us pointing to the goals  
Who learn to conquer and resign

Such cannot die they vanquish time,  
And fill the world with growing light  
Making the human life sublime  
With mem'ries of their sacred might

They cannot die whose lives are part  
 Of that great life which is to be  
 Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart,  
 And throb with its high destiny

Then mourn not those who dying gave  
 A gift of greater light to man  
 Death stands abashed before the brave  
 They own a life he may not bar

—*Malcolm Quinn*

### SCOUTS OF ALL THE WORLD

Let us march and sing together from whatever  
 clime we come  
 Or whatever kind of weather have left behind  
 at home  
 Be it cold with ice and snow my joys or heat  
 with tropic rain  
 Let us smile and whistle till we meet again  
 For a Scout meets Scout as brother in whatever  
 place it be  
 And saluting one another as is tolden they are  
 free  
 And are not the slave of tyrants but will honour  
 what is true  
 As their Chief has shown each one the way to  
 do  
 So will grow league of nations that will cause all  
 war to cease  
 And to future generations bring the fruits of  
 happy peace  
 Then those men will be the leaders who have cour-  
 age to do right  
 And old wrongs the only foes we have to fight  
 Let us march and sing together etc etc

## THE SOCIALIST MARCH

The flag unfurls, the bugles call us,  
 Up, Socialists, in close array !  
 Shake off the shackles that enthrall us  
 Let Labour burst her bonds to day !  
 The joy of earth and sun and sky,  
 The dawn of Light and Liberty,  
 To all the People Now, Forever !

This be the goal of our endeavour,  
 Let this be Labour's battle cry !  
 Ours, ours is Right and Victory !

Ye countless million Brother-toilers  
 In mine and mill, by field and wave,  
 Who give your lives for your despoilers,  
 And for a scanty pittance slave,  
 Why cringe so long in joyless plight ?  
 The cry resounds " Unite ! Unite ! "  
 Put off your fetters Now, Forever !

*Chorus*, This be the goal, etc

Not ours to wield the spear and sabre,  
 Not ours to fight with sword and slave,  
 Above the serried hosts of Labour  
 Behold the Flag of Freedom wave !  
 Let peace prevail, and blessings come  
 Of Joy and Hope in every home,  
 For all the workers Now, Forever !

*Chorus*, This be the goal, etc

—H D Harben (from the German)

## THE VOICE OF FREEDOM

Loud across the world it ringeth, we have heard  
it in our sleep—

We have heard and we have wakened, though our  
slumbering was deep

Many a man whose heart nigh failed him in the  
long and weary night,

Now with soul aglow is watching for the dawning  
*of the light*

And the voice o'er all the nations has gone forth  
upon the wind,

Bearing hope to those despairing, sight to those  
who wandered blind,

"Wake, oh men," the loud voice crieth, "wake, if  
ye be men indeed,

Will ye sleep and slumber ever, bound to serve a  
tyrant's greed?

Surely all too long, oh toilers, have ye been the  
slaves of gold

Are ye men, or have ye quite forgotten of your  
sires of old?

Hope not Freedom from the masters who reap  
pleasure from your pain,

All the freedom they would give you is but leng-  
thening of the chain

When they see ye pale and restless, they may leng-  
then it a whit,

Soothing ye the while to slumber, that ye be con-  
tent with it

Strike it, from you altogether come clasp hands,  
the night is late

And the golden dawn is flushing round about the  
eastern gate

And we rise, our chains upon us, at the voice that  
 thrills us through  
 Lo, the piteous sight that greets us, we are but a  
 weakened few,  
 And around us lie our comrades, knowing not the  
 bonds they wear,  
 Seeing not the light we gaze at, feeling not the  
 hope we bear  
 Loudly, loudly let us call them See them rising  
 one by one  
 'Till our little band grows stronger underneath the  
 rising sun  
 Free we must be In our souls the seraph voice  
 of Liberty  
 Thrills till every chord is trembling as a harp  
 string's melody

See the clouds begin to scatter, brighter, brighter  
 grows the day,  
 Happy we to see the morning hold the long, long  
 night at bay!  
 We, the toilers, shall no longer be the passive  
 driven slaves,  
 We have seen a nobler future What though  
 pierced with many graves  
 Be the way that leads to freedom? Shall we shun  
 the glorious day  
 Though our very names should perish in the  
 eagerness of fray?  
 Lo our hearts are set upon it and our feet are on  
 the road  
 Burn the bridge and let us forward—on to  
 Liberty's abode!

—Fred Henderson

# FALSE THINGS SHALL BE

These things shall be in a loftier race  
 Than e'er the world hath known shall rise  
 With flame of freedom in their souls  
 And light of science in their eyes

They shall be gentle brave and strong  
 To spill no drop of blood but dare  
 All that may plant man's lordship firm  
 On earth and fire and sea and air

Nation with nation hand with hand  
 Unarm'd shall live as comrades free  
 In every heart and brain shall throb  
 The pulse of one fraternity

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould  
 And mightier music thrill the skies  
 And every life shall be a song  
 When all earth is paradise

These things—they are no dream—shall be  
 For happier men when we are gone  
 Those golden days for them shall dawn  
 Transcending nought we gaze upon

—J. A. Symonds

---

# TRUE FREEDOM

Men whose boast it is that ye  
 Come of fathers brave and free —  
 If there breathe on earth a slave  
 Are ye truly free and brave ?

If ye do not feel the chain  
 When it works a brother's pain  
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Is true freedom but to break  
 Fetters for our own dear sake,  
 And with leathern hearts forget  
 That we owe mankind a debt ?  
 No ! true freedom is to share  
 All the chains our brothers wear,  
 And with heart and hand to be  
 Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to speak  
 For the fallen and the weak ;  
 They are slaves who will not choose  
 Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
 Rather than in silence shrink  
 From the truth they needs must think ,  
 They are slaves who dare not be  
 In the right with two or three

—James Russel Lowell

---

## UNION HYMN

Lo ! we answer ! see we come  
 Quick at Freedom's holy call  
 We come, we come, we come, we come,  
     To do the glorious work of all  
 And hark ! we raise from sea to sea  
 The sacred watchword Liberty !

God is our guide ! from field, from wave,  
 From plough, from anvil, and from loom

We come our country's rights to save  
 And speak a tyrant faction's doom  
 And hark ! we raise from sea to sea  
 The sacred watchword, Liberty !

God is our guide ! no swords we draw  
 We kindle not war's battle-fires  
 By union justice reason, law  
 We claim the birthright of our sires  
 We raise the watchword Liberty  
 We will we will we will be free !

### WE ARE FIGHTING THE FIGHT

*We are fighting the fight, we are fighting the fight*  
 For the cause of the world we are fighting the fight!  
 We will march side by side tho the world  
 may be wide  
 Yet as wide as the world is the flag we have un-  
 furled

We are fighting the fight we are fighting the fight  
 For freedom and love we are fighting the fight  
 In Liberty's name come sorrow or shame  
 We serve her and care not for world's praise or  
 blame!  
 And the harder the way and the hotter the day  
 The greater the glory in fighting we say!

Chorus *We are fighting etc*

Though long be the night the day will be bright  
 When the sun of our Freedom shall rise in its  
 might  
 True comrades stand fast till the night be overpast  
 And lies be dead and truth conquer at last

Chorus *We are fighting etc*



And of us may men say in the heavenly day,  
 That we shrank not from treading the dangerous  
     way  
 Oh! be glad that it is ours to sow seed in these  
     hours  
 Tho' others may gather the fruits and flowers  
     Chorus We are fighting etc  
                                     —*L Nesbit*

---

### WE ARE FREE

Like lightning's flash  
     Upon the foe  
 We burst and laid  
     Their glories low !  
 Like mountain—floods  
     We on them came—  
 Like withering blast  
     Of scorching flame  
 Like hurricane  
     Upon the sea—  
 Shout shout again —  
     Shout *We are free!*

We struck for God—  
     We struck for life—  
 We struck for sin—  
     We struck for wife—  
 We struck for home—  
     We struck for all  
 That man doth lose  
     By bearing thrall !  
 We struck against chains  
     For liberty !  
 Now for our pains,  
     Shout *We are free!*

Give to the slain  
 A sigh—a tear  
 A curse to those  
 Who spoke of fear!  
 Then eat your bread  
 In peace; for now  
 The tyrant's pride  
 Is lying low!  
 His strength is broken—  
 His minions flee—  
 The Voice hath spoken—  
 Shout, *We are free!*

—Robert Nicoll

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### SONG OF THE SANNYASIN.

We up the note! the song that had its birth  
 Far off, where worldly faint could never reach—  
 In mountain caves, and glades of forest deep,  
 Whose calm no sigh for lust or wealth or fame  
 Could ever dare to break, where rolled the stream  
 Of knowledge, truth and bliss that follows both  
 Sing high that note, Sannyasin bold! say.

'Om Tat Sat Om'

Strike off thy fetters! Bonds that bind thee down,  
 Of shining gold, or darker, baser ore,  
 Love, hate—good, bad—and all the dual throng  
 Know, slave is slave, caressed or whipped, not  
 For fetters though of gold are not less strong to <sup>free</sup> bind,  
 Then, off with them, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

Let darkness go! The will-o-the-wisp that leads  
 With blinking light-to pile more gloom on gloom.  
 'This thirst for life, for-ever quench: it drags  
 From birth to death, and death to birth the soul  
 He conquers all who conquers self Know this  
 And never yield, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

"Who sows must reap," they say, and 'Cause  
 must bring  
 The sure effect, good, good, bad, bad, and none  
 Escape the law But whoso wears a form  
 Must wear the chain" Too true, but far beyond  
 Both name and form is Atman ever free  
 Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

They know no truth who dream such vacant dreams  
 As father, mother, children, wife and friend  
 The sexless Self—whose father He? whose child?  
 Whose friend, whose foe is He who is but one?  
 The Self is all in all none else exists  
 And thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

There is but One—The Free—The Knower—Self!  
 Without a name, without a form, or stain  
 In Him is Mayá, dreaming all the dream,  
 The Witness, He appears as nature, soul  
 Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

Where seekest thou? That freedom friend this  
world

Nor that can give In books and temples  
Vain thy search Thine only is the hand that holds  
The rope that drags thee on then cease lament  
Let go thy hold Sannyasin bold! say,  
'Om Tat Sat Om!

Say Peace to all From me no danger be  
To aught that lives In those that dwell on high  
In those that lowly creep I am the Self of all  
All life both here and there do I renounce  
All heavens earths and hells all hopes and fears  
Thus cut thy bonds Sannyasin bold! say

Om Tat Sat Om

Heed then no more how body lives or goes  
Its task is done let karma float it down  
Let one put garlands on another's neck  
This frame say naught No praise or blame can be  
Where praiser praised and blamer blamed are one  
Thus be thou calm Sannyasin bold! say,

Om Tat Sat Om!

Truth never comes where lust and fame and greed  
Of gain reside No man who thinks of woman  
As his wife can ever perfect be  
Nor he who owns however little nor he  
Whom anger chains can ever pass through Maya's  
gates  
So give these up Sannyasin bold! say

Om Tat Sat Om!

Have thou no home. What home can hold thee,  
friend?

The sky thy roof, the grass thy bed, and food,  
What chance may bring, well cooked or ill, judge  
not

No food or drink can taint that noble self  
Which knows itself Like rolling river, free  
Thou ever be, Sannyasin bold! say,  
"Om Tat Sat Om!"

Few only know the truth, the rest will hate  
And laugh at thee, great one, but pay no heed  
Go thou, the free, from place to place, and help  
Them out of darkness, Maya's veil, without  
The fear of pain or search of pleasure, go  
Beyond them both, Sannyasin bold! say,  
"Om Tat Sat Om!"

Thus, day by day, till Karma's powers spent  
Release the soul for ever. No more is birth,  
Nor I or thou, nor God or man The I  
Became the all, the all is I and bliss!  
Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,  
"Om Tat Sat Om!"

—Swami Vivekananda

## ETERNAL YOUTH OF NATIONS

The Eternal Youth is shining  
In the world of vernal flowers,  
In all the creepers entwining,  
—In fragrant forest bowers!

And, now, then let us throng  
From distant climes and places,

With seeds of science and song,  
—Proffered by *all* our races

Across the dividing shores,  
*Our inward Union, broods,*  
That, *all* our scars, ignores,  
And sweetens our petty feuds !

An impulse to thought and action  
Is Love's one precious gift !  
That effects a subtle attraction  
Towards our higher uplift !

The spirit that flowers in Man  
Is only the Truth supreme  
Which, *all* we must and can  
And do but live and dream !

A splendour of deathless hopes  
A wealth of unknown measure  
Awaits our spirit that gropes  
In search of its long-lost treasure !

This spirit is eternally playing  
With smiles and loves and joys !  
It sits, in silence, weighing  
Earth, man, and God—its toys !

This spirit of Eternal Youth  
Renews our cultures grey,  
Brings dying blooms to fruit,  
And the dismal night to a day !

A blossom that never fades  
A beauty as fresh as Truth  
A light that knows no shades  
Is this—Our Eternal Youth !

—*Blunhro to Youth*

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